National Anti-Slavery Standard.

VOL. XVI. NO. 6. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1855. WHOLE NO. 786.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

Published Weekly, on Saturday,

AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM,

BY THE

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

At its Office, 138 *Nassau St., New York,*

AND AT THE OFFICE OF THE

PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

31 *North Fifth St., Philadelphia.*

Advertisements inserted at $1 per square for the first insertion, and 25 cents for every subsequent one. For advertisements less than a square, 50 cents for each insertion.

Pro-Slavery.

THE LEGISLATURE AND GOVERNOR REEDER.

After the last election took place, the members elect, or most of them, met at the Methodist Mission, where the Governor makes his head-quarters, and, after consultation, we are informed, it was universally admitted that the Mission would be the most suitable place for the first session of the Legislature. This conclusion was signified to his Excellency, but, as in everything else, he has shown his entire disregard of the will and wishes of the people of Kansas, and, for reasons best known, perhaps, to himself, he calls the members together at Pawnee, some one hundred and forty miles from the Missouri river, and where everybody is aware accommodations cannot be furnished without double the cost that would be required at the place designated by the members elect. In fact, we doubt if the Legislature can be accommodated where it is appointed to convene, so as to insure despatch in business.

Will the members submit to such treatment? We do not believe it; and if they do, they are made of different materials than we had been led to believe. If there were no other reason, the Governor's disregard of their wishes is of itself sufficient cause for refusing to obey his command. Let them show to him, and all other similar demagogues, that the people of Kansas are sovereigns—not the supple tools of an Abolition Governor *appointed* to rule over them. Let them, in order to expedite matters, make arrangements to hold their session at the Mission, as determined upon, and, in *obedience* to the Governor's proclamation, meet in Pawnee on the day named, and in an hour adjourn to meet at the Mission. The Legislature once met, the Abolition Governor is stripped of much of his power.

From reports now received of Reeder, he never intends returning to our borders. Should he do so, we without hesitation say that our people ought to hang him by the neck like a traitorous dog, as he is, so soon as he puts his unhallowed feet upon our shores.

Reeder has gone back to his own State, and grossly slandered our people, calling upon his Abolition allies to come out and aid him in fastening the foul stain of Abolition upon our soil. He represents us as a horde of Abolitionists ready and willing to submit to his dictation, but that the demons from Missouri came to our election and overpowered us and drove us from the polls, and asks the President to give him a military force to protect the voters—a base slander upon the citizens of Kansas Territory, and one that we know she will resent. Reeder is unworthy of the place he fills—wholly unfit to rule the independent sovereigns of Kansas. He cannot longer act as their Governor. They will not submit to it. We call upon our people to take this matter in hand. There is no other remedy. Vindicate your characters and the Territory; and should the ungrateful dog dare to come amongst us again, hang him on the first rotten tree. There is no other remedy, and the character of ourselves and our country requires us to act. A military force demanded—poor, contemptible puppy—could an honourable, high-minded American citizen ever dream of such a demand? Nothing but the dark and muddy waters of Abolitionism could have produced such an offspring as Reeder.

A military force to protect the ballot-box in this Territory! Let President Pierce or Governor Reeder, or any other power, attempt such a course in this or any other portion of the Union, and that day will never be forgotten. The people of this Territory are not slaves. They yet acknowledge no master, save God, and he who undertakes to dictate to them how they shall vote, and the kind of institutions they shall have, is no true-hearted American, and will be taught a lesson that every Abolitionist in this Union must soon learn, or our Constitution and laws are worse than nothing. The time has come when all good men, North and South, East and West, must stand up and resist the fanatical storm that is threatening to destroy the country. The people of the States and Territories must assert their sovereignty, or the country is gone. All power remains in the people, not specifically surrendered to the Constitution, and that Constitution must be sustained in all its parts, or it is a nullity, and the power reverts back to the people, and in their hands, and their's alone, can the power rest with safety. Talk not to us, in this country, of any power save the will of the people. They are the Lords of this land.

The Constitution was made by the people for mutual protection and benefit, and grants no power to one section to dictate to another what they may or may not do, so far as their own institutions are concerned; and he who sets up any other doctrine, or claims any power not given by the Constitution, is a usurper and traitor, and is no longer entitled to any protection from the Constitution.

Did the people of the South, by the Constitution, give to the North, or to Congress, the power to determine whether the people in any State *or Territory* should be entitled to hold as property slaves, mules, horses or hogs? If there is no such provision in the Constitution, and we fearlessly assert there is not, why this eternal hue and cry at the North about slavery in the States or Territories, other than their own? We want to live under the Constitution, and preserve the Union; but when the Constitution is set aside, there is no Union.

We love the Union with our rights respected and secured by the Constitution; but without that protection, the Union is a mockery. We love the Union much, but our rights as *freemen* better. None but aristocrats and demagogues are distrustful of the people's power in this country. Honest freemen have nothing to fear at the hands of the people, but usurpers and traitors have much. —*Squatter Sovereign.*

MASSACHUSETTS.

It is not in the South alone, outraged as every Southern State is, in its most essential rights, by the late legislation of the Massachusetts Legislature on the Fugitive Slave law, that public opinion is rising in indignant reprobation. All over the country, the press, without respect to party divisions, speaks with singular unanimity of the disloyalty to the Union, the disregard of the Constitution, and the aggressive temper towards the slave-holding States, which are manifest in the spirit and letter of their atrocious law. Except now and then a furious Abolition oracle, like the New York *Tribune*, Massachusetts has no defenders out of her own limits. From within these, too, we are glad to have concurrent voices, raised earnestly and courageously, in protest against the ruling madness of the day, and heartily re-echoing the denunciations which come back from all quarters of the Union against the act by which the State has been placed in direct conflict with constitutional laws of Congress; and every citizen of the State who may aid in executing the law is put under the ban of disfranchisement and almost of outlawry.

The large majority with which the Legislature overrode the veto of the Governor and rushed to the consummation of this iniquitous measure does not, it is evident, represent fairly the public opinon of the constituency. The extreme violence of the factionists appears to have taken a large part of the people by surprise, and the best portion of the press, supported by the best intellects and highest personal influence in the State, denounce the act and its authors, and call for a rally of the patriotic and national men of the State, to save it from the pernicious consequences, by repudiating the men and reversing their acts. The extent of this reaction, and the possible result of the struggle which it invites before the people of Massachusetts, at their next elections, cannot be foretold. In addition to the inducements of bigotry and fanaticism, the nullifiers will have the impulses of self-defence to prompt them to employ every means in order to sustain themselves against the threatened condemnation; and they will work with intense and indefatigable zeal in the bad cause upon which they have entered. The constitutional men, who raise the standard of the Union against them, will labour at great disadvantage, in that the impulses and whole training of the people of the State are against the system of domestic slavery. They who plead to them for obedience to the unpopular law address only reason, conscience and good faith, while their enemies have unlimited resources in the appeal to popular passions, and assume to defend themselves in their treason upon the ground of a higher duty to humanity and obedience to what they affirm to be the law of God.

It requires a sternness of virtue and clearness of judgment to detect their fallacies and resist their influence, which are, we fear, very rare in these times of wild excitement. But the effort is not hopeless, and the object to be gained of such infinite importance as to deserve the most strenuous and untiring exertion. The matter at stake is no less than that of civil war, only to be avoided, unless the State recedes, by a concession almost as fatal at once, that Massachusetts is out of the Union by her own act, and the determination that she will be altogether foreign, if she will not be altogether loyal. The position she has been made to occupy is incompatible with her duties to the Union, and in derogation of the most perfect rights of other States in it; and it is to be decided soon, in what way and how we cannot foresee, whether she is to be restored to her harmony with the other States within the Union, or the Union is to sustain the inevitable shock of a separation.

It is in the power of the people of Massachusetts to save us from these unspeakable disasters, of which the extent and the consequences no man can foresee, and from the contemplation of which all men must turn and shudder. Whether they have the consistency and virtue to do this is the great problem of the day—the most important, in fact, of any now before us which awaits the solution of events—for on it may depend peace or civil war—the establishment of the Constitution in its proper vigour over Massachusetts, as elsewhere, or its absolute expulsion from her limits with ignominy, which will make it a mere rope of sand everywhere. We hope they feel how much depends upon their exertions—how deeply the feelings of the whole country go with the resolute and patriotic men who shall strive to rescue Massachusetts from her false position; and with what gladness and congratulations, with what gratitude and honours their success would be welcomed to the remotest quarters of the country. We feel that they need all encouragement from abroad to enable them to stand up against the fury of domestic treason, and we bid them speed on in the good work bravely, for the hearts of the true patriots everywhere are with them in their conflict and offer ardent prayers for their triumph.—*N. O. Picayune.*

THE WILL OF THE LATE ELIJAH WILLIS, THE SOUTH CAROLINA SLAVE-OWNER.

From the Charleston Standard, June 14.

Our readers will readily recall the circumstances of the case of Mr. Elijah Willis, of Barnwell District, who, a short time ago, fell dead as he was landing from the boat in Cincinnati, for the purpose of liberating a mulatto woman who had lived with him as his wife, and her six children; that he had, about a year previous, executed a will in Cincinnati, leaving to them all his property in South Carolina, to the amount of some $150,000, and that this will was placed in the hands of Messrs. A. H. Ernst, Ed. Harwood and John Joliffe, whom he named as his executors, with the power to dispose of his other slaves and his other property as they might think best. The editor of the *Edisto* (Orangeburg) *Clarion* has lately paid a visit to Williston, in Barnwell District, where Mr. Willis resided, and whence he writes to his paper as follows:

"In this vicinity at present there is a considerable excitement and interchange of feelings and sentiments, respecting the disposition which the late Elijah Willis made of his property. Mr. Michael Willis, a brother of the deceased, and Mr. James Willis, a nephew, have just returned from Cincinnati, whither they had repaired to ascertain the facts and particulars of the death and will of Elijah Willis. They procured and brought back with them a true copy of the will, and full reports of the particulars. We have not examined or seen the will, but understand that it was drawn up by that notorious Abolitionist and distinguished lawyer of Ohio, John Joliffe, and in accordance with the advice and counsel of Henry Clay.

"The substance of this will is, that said Joliffe (he being the appointed executor) shall sell the real and personal estate of said Elijah, collect all debts due and coming to him, and invest the proceeds in real estate of Ohio, for the benefit of Amy and her children. Joliffe says that he is determined to execute the will to the very letter and spirit, and, if necessary, will resort to the legal tribunals of the United States to justify his claim and sanction his proceedings. The other two individuals (names forgotten) mentioned in the will have positively declined having anything to do with the affair, and *wisely*, we opine. Joliffe, however, is a high prince among the Abolition, Free Soil, mongrel fanatics of Ohio—his reputation is at stake, and he must push matters as far as the rabid heilions can desire.

"If he recoils, his name is ruined, his unsullied philanthropic character forever tarnished—the lustre of his former glories obscured—and the anathemas of Abolitionism heaped upon his remotest posterity. These considerations weigh heavily with him, and, therefore, he comes on in a few weeks to execute the diabolical will of a man whose better judgment had forsaken him, or who must have been labouring under mental derangement when this unjust, unreasonable and disgraceful instrument was concocted and consummated. Joliffe, a rank Abolitionist, comes to Barnwell District, in the State of South Carolina, to carry into effect the will of a simple old man—which will, in substance, conflicts with the dearest principles and most cherished institutions of our already injured and insulted State."

Selections.

INTERESTING LETTER FROM C. McCREA.

HIS EXCUSE FOR SHOOTING CLARK.

LETTER TO HIS FATHER.

From The Chicago Tribune, June 16.

We publish, to-day, a letter from McCrea, now confined at Fort Leavenworth on a charge of murder in killing Malcolm Clark, a border ruffian who participated largely in the Kansas outrages. McCrea writes like a man of pluck. The letter is addressed to Mr. Charles Ratteray, bookseller, Dubuque, Iowa, his father-in-law, and was not intended for publication.

LEAVENWORTH, KANSAS, May 24, A.D. 1855.

Dear Father: We have received your letter of the 28th ultimo; the telegraph despatch of the 7th instant, and the boxes, we have heard, are at the warehouse, for which we are very grateful for all parties donating.

Some eight days after date, your despatch came to hand, but was not such as to cheer us much in our time of trouble. Poor E——— was least prepared for the sweeping request to leave her husband in trouble involving his life. She bears up well, but is in a very low state of health.

You have, doubtless, looked for the particulars of the cause of my shooting Clark, which, without taking notice of a rumoured affront to my wife, while boarding at the house of said Clark, when we first came to this country, I will give you in detail; and first, to what I suppose to be the real cause of his attack upon me. Clark was a Missourian bully, and one of those bandits who took our election last Spring by force of arms; and I put in the challenge to the only district in which the minions of slavery were defeated, and certificates of election given to free State men; and Phillips, who has since then been attacked, kidnapped from his own house, taken into Missouri, one side of his head shaved, tarred and feathered, rode some three miles upon a rail, then sold at auction by a negro for two cents, although a lawyer and in every way a gentleman and man of wealth, besides being a man of family, only about eight months from Massachusetts; and that was not all that was intended for me and Phillips.

It was concerted to take both our lives, as I learned, by having a position in a ball-room the night after the report of the Governor's desertion arrived, when Phillips entered, with his wife. His presence turned the conversation from the Governor to him, and thus to me. It was even then agreed, that before the next election, a row should be got up in some crowd where we were present, to take our lives. As soon as I could move with safety, I went to Mr. Phillips, informed him, and advised him to go armed; and, though no natural demonstration was given, I could, from time to time, see evidence of the plot not being abandoned; and it was this which made me take the outside of the crowd when Clark commenced to abuse me, as will appear below.

The meeting at which this affair took place was called under the influence of the Missourians, to extend the time given by mob law for non-residents (Missourians) for making a personal settlement upon their claims, which they, in reality, never intended to settle, but merely to speculate upon, and keep from free State men and persons from the North, all of whom are looked upon by those ruffians with hate. These meetings had commonly been largely represented by Missourians, but this time the actual squatters had a large majority. Perceiving this, these Missouri ruffians determined to carry their point by storm.

A John Wilson was called to the chair, who, under the pretence of explaining the object of the meeting, delivered an abusive and blackguard harangue against every person who was not from slave States, the Governor coming in for a large share, by way of comparison with his negroes; nor did those who desired to oppose the friends of the last election, by exposing them, escape his notice; he at last concluded. I was called for, but, knowing that a plot was laid for me, and that I could not follow the previous speaker without showing my contempt for him and his cause, which would be the signal for an attack upon me, I refused to go forward, and called upon a man whom I supposed then to possess some qualities of a gentleman, by the name of Easton. He made a speech, not so long, but otherwise much in keeping with his predecessor. He closed, and the crowd would take no denial, but pushed me forward.

As I went forward to the stand (a dry goods box, it being out of doors), I thought there was something wrong in those rowdies crowding to the inside of the circle, and getting our party to the outside; but I went on slowly till near the box. Clark, otherwise called the Platte County bully, met me, and said in a savage manner, "Go back; no G—d d—n Abolition son of a b—h shall speak in this meeting." Knowing that the abuse was intended to provoke some remark from me, I went back without saying a word. I then thought that I could perceive that he had been pitted, and was disappointed. I moved to the extreme outside of the crowd, believing that I should not be molested till the business of the meeting was over, and then intending to get out of the way of trouble.

A vote was soon called, and taken, which, by the voice, appeared to be against the Missourian interest, but was decided by the Chair (a Missourian) for them. A division was then called from many voices; the division showed two to one for the squatters, but was still decided by the chairman against the majority. I then, turning to Mr. Eames, one of my neighbours, to go off along with him, said, in disgust, "What a rascally fraud," which being overheard by Clark, he exclaimed, "You are a G—d d—d lying son of a b—h, and I'll kill you"; stooping as if in the act of picking something up, which I could not then see.

I then told Mr. Eames not to get into any trouble, and I should try to do the same, and walked away from him, and the crowd about thirty rods, [illegible] then he set upon me at full speed, backed by four others, with pistols and bowie-knives, and, before I could get out of his way, he gave me a glancing blow with a piece of a two-by-four scantling, which I managed to dodge; but by the time I got started to get away, he gave me a glancing blow, which cut my head and fractured my collar-bone, blinding me for the moment. I then seized my revolver, and, as soon as I could recover my balance, turned. Clark raised his stick a third time, and was about to deal me another blow, while another Missourian was nearly in a line with him behind, and trying to fire at me.

I instantly fired at Clark, striking him about the middle of the body—the man with the pistol turned to run, but learning by the shouts of Clark, who dropped his stick, "kill him, G—d d—n him; kill him; I'm shot through and through," he turned, fired at me, his ball passing under my right arm, and another shot was fired, giving me a slight wound. The immediate flight of the first who fired at me, and the great distance of the second, prevented the necessity of my firing another shot before my friends rallied around me, and they, being as well armed as my assailants, prevented any further assault upon me. A warrant was got out by Mr. Eames, my best friend, and I was brought here rather for security than confinement. I have been waiting till after the election, which took place in the rejected districts the day before yesterday.

No trick has been left untried; even two Missouri lawyers volunteered to serve me, in order to encompass my life, and assassinate me. I have been told that my wife was sick and dying, with an offer of a writ of *habeas corpus* (a forged one) to get me out. A messenger waited upon her, whom (my wife) I had seen an hour before, to inform her that I had directed her to sell her furniture, go to Iowa, and not to trouble herself by trying to see me, as no one was or would be admitted except this favoured messenger; but, she having been admitted at all times, except the first, detected the villain, and informed him of the fact, with a request for his absence.

There are some twenty-five or thirty persons who can testify to the facts which I have stated as to the nature of my defence.

I shall apply for an examination soon, so as to be admitted to bail, that I may go to work, as I dare not practice my profession at present. Clark, like many other of these border ruffians, had no friends, except such as feared or wished to make a tool of him. He has been the terror of this territory ever since I came into it.

I am yours, &c., C. McCrea.

PUTNAM'S MAGAZINE ON THE REV. DR. PRIME.

[In Putnam's Magazine for June is an instructive criticism of the "Travels in Europe and the East" of the Rev. Samuel Irenæus Prime, D.D., editor of the *New York Observer*, a part of which we copy for the benefit of others of our fellow-citizens who may be tempted, when abroad, to play the part of the whining school-boy, in order to relieve the mortification which every American is forced to endure in Europe on account of slavery.]

There is one other amusing point in these two volumes, not otherwise very amusing. Our author, travelling by rail to Oxford, consoles himself for the hole in his boot by observing that his neighbour is out at the elbows. In other words, he sees women working in the fields, and triumphantly demands whether his English neighbour is so blinded by names as not to see that such a spectacle implies a state of things quite as bad as negro slavery. Now, there is nothing more ignoble and unmanly than the testy and truculent patriotism which leads American travellers in Europe to defend that very disagreeable institution of ours because there chance to be other disagreeable institutions in other countries. Would Mr. Prime urge it as an excuse for his own bad manners (let us suppose) at an Englishman's table, that he had seen the host spit upon the carpet? Is a bad state of things at home better because there may be a bad state of things in France? or is an intelligent Frenchman not to allude to our beam because of his own mote? In travelling, the citizens of various countries may, sometimes, meet as *men*; and then they will regard life and society from the humane, and not the national, point of view; and it is an amusing illustration of the morbid nervousness which indicates an unpleasant consciousness, in a certain class of our fellow-citizens, of the necessity of springing to arms for slavery, that our traveller could not see a group of women working in the fields without insisting that a country which could tolerate such barbarity has no right to speak of human wrongs elsewhere. It is, at least, a principle that would soon close all mouths, and pulpits, and presses. We quote the passage as a specimen of the intellectual acumen of our author, and as an illustration of the wrong done the American name and character by scores of tourists abroad. The road lies through lovely English scenery:

"Yet in the midst of such pictures a sight suddenly met my eyes which pierced my heart. A gang of women—white women—the 'WOMEN OF ENGLAND,' were at work in the field, in the middle of the day, each with a hoe in her hand, digging away as the veriest slaves.

"'There,' said I, 'Edwards, you see the white slaves of England.'

"An Englishman sitting next to him did not wait for him to answer, but, with that readiness to put in a word so common here, instantly and tartly answered, 'Ay, but they are free.' 'Free to do what?' I asked him. 'Free to do as they like; to stop working if they choose.' 'And what then?' I pursued. He was silent. 'They must do that or starve, must they not?' I demanded. 'Why, yes, they must work, and do that if they cannot find anything else.' I continued my inquiries. 'And you do not suppose they work in the fields under a hot sun, planting potatoes or corn, because they *love* the employment?' 'No, but they are free; they are not slaves.' 'And are you so blinded by the name of *slavery*,' I replied, 'here in Britain, that you treat your women as they are not treated in America, nor in any other Christian country of which I have heard? you have poverty and misery among your labourers and those who are not even able to get work—wretchedness that the negro never feels—and you are totally insensible to it, while you are in pain for the poor slaves of a land beyond the sea.' 'But we never whip these poor people of ours, as you do the negroes.' 'There you are wrong again: I read in the London *Times*, this week, of a man in London who flogged his apprentice so cruelly that the boy put an end to his miseries by suicide.' And so we pursued the conversation until we became good friends, and mutually admitted the evils of both countries, and agreed that we were bound to consider the difficulties under which each labours, and leave those who are the most familiar with them to do the best they can to alleviate or remove them."

The conclusion of the whole matter was certainly amiable and wise. But our author appears in the conversation not as a man, but as an American compelled to defend his country, right or wrong, and his defence is lamentable.

The necessity which drives the women of England, and of France, and of Germany, and of Italy, into the field to labour, is precisely the same necessity in kind, however different in degree, which leads the American citizen into the counting-room, the workshop, the pulpit, or the field, and that is—the necessity of getting a living. All this has nothing to do with the institution of slavery. Every man is the slave of physical necessity. Slavery is not work, nor the necessity of work. The suffering which arises from overcrowded spheres of labour, or from the want of work, is fearful, but it is not to be confounded with another kind of suffering.

"Apprentices are savagely flogged in England by their masters," says Mr. Prime. Yes, and so are children by their fathers everywhere. "And here is one in London who kills himself," says our author. Yes, and here, as we write, is a young American wife who kills herself because of the treatment by her father and mother-in-law. Is Mr. Prime's argument, that the relation of fathers and parents-in-law is like the relations of slavery; or, that one sin excuses another? Why, being a man as well as an American, should he not allow that the special wrong of our institution is not the greater or less quantity of food, clothing, or whipping, but the legal, and moral, and social denial of manhood to man? There is no need of being furious about it. In a day of universal glass-houses we must be careful of flinging stones. But let us be manly. Let Americans in Europe concede that it is a very ugly business, and not try so painfully to find the raw of other nations, as if the human instinct against slavery were weakened because there are other sins to condemn and correct. There is undoubtedly a great deal of Exeter Hall eloquence which entirely misses the mark, and Mrs. Jellaby, nervous about the interests of Borioola-Gha, while her own children run to waste, is a very absurd character; but, meanwhile, there are, also, noble aims, and generous sentiments, and humane efforts, and the possibility of decent life, at least; and an American traveller, by virtue of his name, should rather be found upon the side than talking amiable, and puny, and irrelevant common-places. Some fatality seems to dog a certain class of American travellers, so that they cannot truly represent the American idea. They are either foolishly conservative, and vain of dining with a Duke, or they are wildly destructive, and think it a deadly sin to live in England, and be loyal to a king. For our own part, we believe that any genuine American,

[illegible] Howard.

THE PRESBYTERIAN GENERAL ASSEMBLY (N. S.) AND SLAVERY.

We are happy to see that the Resolution proposed in the New School General Assembly, by Rev. Dr. Campbell, of this city, Chairman of a Committee for the purpose, in reply to the Resolution forwarded to the Assembly by the General Association of this State, was not adopted, as we had supposed it of course would be, but was rather unceremoniously set aside, and the following much less objectionable one, proposed by another member of the Assembly, substituted for it:

"Whereas, The General Association of New York, at their meeting in Madrid, held August 23, 1854, by a resolution forwarded to this body, addressed us in a discourteous and objectionable manner; therefore,

"Resolved, That this Assembly would respectfully request that the future communications of that Association to us be couched in courteous language."

As we said, this is much less faulty than the other would have been; because it leaves undenied, admitted even by implication, the right of the Association to remonstrate with the Assembly, and only objects to the discourteous manner in which that remonstrance is declared in this instance to have been made. So far, no one certainly can quarrel with the resolution, or question the principle involved in it. We do not ourselves perceive, however, any just ground for the charge of "discourteous," as applied to the Resolution of the General Association. Under the circumstances in which that was adopted, it would have been hardly less than pusillanimous, we think, to have said anything less or other than the Association did. Consider it:

The General Assembly met last year in Philadelphia; a company of Christian men and ministers, assembled from all parts of the land; at the very time when the infamous bill for the repeal of the Missouri Compromise was pending in Congress; when the discussion of that bill was at its height, and when every possible moral force that could be brought against an act of such wickedness was demanded, and was being brought by good men throughout the North, without distinction of party, sect or locality. It was as perfectly well known then as it is now that the only legitimate effect of such a repeal would be to open the immense tracts lying north of the lower line of the Missouri boundary to the incursion of slavery; that if it were accomplished, the whole of that vast and fruitful domain would be in danger of becoming part and parcel of the slave-territory of our country; so that there the out-spoken Christian minister could not hold his place, as already he cannot; so that there free presses would be silenced and destroyed, and thrown into the river, and free editors be lynched, as already they are; so that that horrible, legalized heathenism which now blackens the South would be in danger of being established for generations at least over the whole unoccupied North-West; the family institution to be made impossible to the black man there; and man-stealing, robbery, adultery, murder—all the fearful crimes that are knotted, hissing together, in the living compact of slavery—to be there allowed to run riot unchecked! It was known, too, by all men who had given the subject a moment's thought, that this was the crowning, but not at all the last meditated step, of a series of aggressions made by the slave oligarchy on the rights, and freedom, and the future of the North; and that this being yielded to, other, and, if possible, yet worse outrages would follow in their line.

In these circumstances, at this strange and fearful conjunction of our nation's affairs, the General Assembly met: and men looked with hopeful confidence and courage to that Assembly, for an utterance on this subject that should be calm, deliberate and rational, but mighty in the truth, and earnest and effective; an utterance that should show the great religious power represented by that Assembly, arrayed with unanimous and solid strength against an outrage on liberty and Christianity so daring and so damning. If it had been a question of finance, or a question of mere temporary politics, that was being agitated, no such expectation of course would have been entertained. But it was not a question of "words and names." It was, in the strictest and largest sense, "a question of Wrong and wicked Lewdness"; a question that concerned morality and religion, directly, fundamentally, for all time to come; and that had to do with the establishment or the overthrow in our country of all those principles that are noble and most sacred. And so the expectation was natural, and was wide-spread, that the Assembly would speak. Some action like that taken a little afterwards by the General Association of Maine was looked for; an action taken unavoidably, indeed, subsequently to the actual passage of the Nebraska bill, but which would have been taken with only a more zealous and spontaneous readiness, and have breathed a yet more indignant and admonitory tone, if the meeting of the Association could have occurred simultaneously with that of the General Assembly; that is, while the bill was still under discussion in Congress. This was the noble Resolution of the Churches and ministers of Maine:

"Resolved, That the recent action of the National Congress, which opens to slavery a vast territory heretofore regarded as secured to freedom by solemn and time-honoured compact, meets with our strongest disapprobation and dissent; and we feel called upon, as Christian citizens, to resist the effects of this action in all proper ways; as being a flagrant breach of faith; as extending a system which is essentially and wholly wrong; as providing for the dooming of other millions to be crushed by the same system; as bringing into jeopardy the continuance of our Union; as making us the scorn of the other nations of the earth; as exposing us to the just judgments of Almighty God; and, finally, as creating formidable obstacles to the progress of Christ's kingdom in the earth."

It was hoped and anxiously wished that such an expression as this, of judgment and of feeling, would be made unanimously, with loud voice, by the Assembly; and it was known that, if it were so made, it would not fail to have great weight with the country at large, and even with Congress. Douglas himself could not have affected to despise or disregard it.

The matter of such a "deliverance" and remonstrance was distinctly brought up, too, in the Assembly, by Rev. Mr. Saunders, a western man, who did it with enthusiasm, but without heat, and after deliberation. The time for decision had come; and the utmost the Assembly could bring itself to do on the subject, after an excited and protracted debate, was to *do nothing!* to refuse to postpone any unfinished business, in order to remonstrate against so gross, so inexcusable, and so immense a wrong! The following is a sketch of the way things were managed, extracted from the reports published at the time in the New York *Times:*

"After the sudden adoption of the no-action report on the subject of slavery, there was no little exultation manifested on the part of some, but, in the afternoon, the Assembly had a scene which shows how full the public mind is of this one all-pervading subject. A western man, Prof. Saunders, so far as appearances and declarations prove anything, without the least idea of doing anything to excite heat, moved to postpone some unfinished business in order to introduce a resolution expressing the grief of this body at the Nebraska and Kansas bill now before Congress. In an instant the whole Assembly was in an excited state, but from different causes. . . . After the discussion had proceeded some time, the Moderator being called on to decide the point of order, ruled Prof. Saunders's motion out of order, on the ground that this, being new business, could not be received except through the Committee on Bills and Overtures. An appeal was taken, and the decision of the Moderator reversed by a very decided majority. At 6 o'clock, after several speeches from Mr. Perkins, of this city, Dr. Brainerd, Mr. Mills, Mr. Dobie, Mr. Spencer, etc., the motion to postpone the unfinished business was put to vote and lost."

That is all! It "was put to vote and lost"! This great assembly of laymen and divines could spend hours in discussing a point of order, but could not possibly take time enough to adopt a resolution, already prepared and pressing to be offered, "expressing the *grief* of the body at the Nebraska and Kansas bill." If ever there was a flagrant and gross dereliction of duty on the part of such an assembly, it certainly seemed to very many thoughtful persons within our acquaintance to be there and then committed! Such a tithing of the mint, anise and cummin of rules of procedure and points of order, coupled with such an intentional, deliberate and patent neglect of "the weightier matters of the law, Judgment, Mercy and Faith," it seemed could hardly have occurred before, since the days when Pharisaism was more respectable than now. And many hearts were heavy with sadness at the lamentable and disreputable fact.

The sad impression of this voluntary and purposed silence, at such a momentous crisis in our history, when speech was demanded and would have been worth something, had not passed from the minds of the members of the General Association of this State when they convened at Madrid; and when the question was proposed that delegates be sent to the General Assembly again, a large portion of those members were averse to appointing any. It was represented, however, by others, that such a refusal to appoint delegates was not all that ought to be done, if, indeed, it was the best thing. And it was very strenuously and emphatically represented, by a member of the Assembly who was present, Rev. Mr. Spencer, of Utica, that the omission of that body to express its judgment on the Nebraska bill, at Philadelphia, was not the result of any want of right feeling on the subject among the members of the body, but that they were actually, and not merely apparently, so tied down by rules and necessary forms that they could not legitimately open their lips on the subject. Mr. S. made the very best statement possible in defence of the Assembly, and acquitted himself in a manner which conciliated the regard and won the esteem of all members of the [illegible] Saviour to his expressed views, more than for any other one reason, though, of course, without his expressed or implied assent, the Association adopted with entire unanimity their much published Resolution, as follows:

"Whereas, the silence of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, N. S., at its last session, on the subject of slavery, has *seemed to this body* to be a retrograde movement, calculated to excite alarm in the minds of all friends of humanity and religion, therefore,

"Resolved, That our delegate to that body be instructed to *express our apprehensions* on this subject, and to assure them that we hold in abhorrence *all such inaction;* and that in continuing our correspondence with ecclesiastical bodies having churches in slaveholding States, we do it rather to bear our continued and earnest testimony against the sin of slaveholding than to express the least acquiescence with so great wickedness."

We have italicized a few expressions to draw attention to them, because the *gist* of the Resolutions is in them. It was intended by the mover, Rev. Dr. Marsh, of this city, as he himself declared at the time, to express this in substance: that the silence of the General Assembly, under the circumstances in which they were placed, seemed to the members of the Association a dereliction of duty; that if it was such, if it was meant to express a real and voluntary "inaction" on the subject of slavery, the Association held such inaction in "*abhorrence*"! and that if the Association continued its correspondence with the Assembly, and with other ecclesiastical bodies similarly placed toward churches including slave-owners, it was not to be taken as implying any acquiescence in the wickedness of slaveholding, but was continued rather for the purpose of using influence against that. We are quite unable to see that the words are too strong, or are otherwise than well chosen; that they are at all wanting in exact pertinence and application to the occasion. If the Assembly thought them discourteous and objectionable, it is not the first time that a man who has done wrong is provoked at being reproved for it. Mr. Douglas thought the ministers of New England exceedingly "discourteous," and their interference in political affairs altogether "objectionable." And while the world continues to move, and Christianity to live in it, they who profess to be Christians, yet keep silence about slavery, that "sum of all villanies," when it most directly and insolently confronts them, are liable to be made uncomfortable at times by either the remonstrance or, when that ceases, by the silent and damaging contempt of their neighbours. *Independent.*

WAR WITH MISSOURI.

We have just returned from a trip to the Osage and Pottawattamie Country. Emigration is pouring in very fast into the southern part of the Territory. A large number of Buckeyes are settling along Pottawattamie Creek; men of the right stamp, who are not only an honour to the State they have left, but who will be valuable acquisitions to Kansas; we found much excitement on the Maria De Cigne, in reference to a claim dispute. It seems a large slaveholder and landholder of Missouri, a regular fire-eater, had made a claim, and built a cabin on Maria De Cigne. A northern man, from what part we did not learn, finding the situation of the claim, and knowing the Missourian could not preempt, took possession; which the Missourian finding out, he posted all the way from the State, and attempted to frighten the Northerner; *threat after threat* was used, but still our friend was unmoved and immovable; the Missourian finally left, setting a day to return and hang the fellow if he should not absquatulate in the meantime; the day finally arrived, and with it *forty* Missourians, who had travelled thirty, forty, and some even fifty miles, swearing what they would do. They had resolved to *hang* the man, without judge or jury, if found upon the claim; but, *lo!* arriving there, they not only found him, but some twenty of his neighbours, who had called in "to see the *hanging* and take charge of the *body*." Seeing which, and finding, by sending out spies, that they numbered only *two to one*, their Patriotism failed, their courage oozed out at their finger ends, and, after a couple hours' manœuvering, sent in a *white flag of truce*, proposing a compromise, by submitting the whole controversy to arbitration, which has not yet been done, though the Northerner is in peaceable possession of his claim; but one thing has been settled, that is, the Missourians have no disposition to fight, unless they number more than two to one. But when eighteen go to drive one woman off of a claim, as at Hickory Point, they become very patriotic, and, a person to hear them talk, would think they were going to whip the whole world.

There are many good claims up Pottawattamie not yet taken, and places yet where large parties might be excellently located.—*Kansas Tribune, May* 16*th.*

SPEECH OF HON. HENRY WILSON,

OF MASSACHUSETTS,

In the National Council at Philadelphia, June 12th.

I rise, Mr. President, to rebuke the insolence of the member from New York (Mr. Squires)—to repel the unprovoked and wanton assault he has made upon me and upon my State. I came not here, sir, to assail any man by word or act—I shall permit no man from the North or the South to assail me, by word or act, with impunity. Every member of this National Council will bear witness that I have uttered no words of unkindness towards any member during the sittings of the Convention; and all of you will notice that the wanton assault just made upon me has not been provoked by word or act of mine. From gentlemen of the South, with whom I widely differ in sentiment and opinion, I have received acts of courtesy and kindness I shall ever remember with grateful recollections, whatever may be the results of our deliberations. But the member from New York has not only followed the example of his colleague (Mr. Barker) and assailed my State, but he has made a charge against me that I, here and now, before this Convention, and to his face, pronounce utterly false. He charges me not only with a determination to break up this National Council, but he charges me with having declared this to be my purpose. I hold him responsible here and now for this charge, and I defy him to prove the truth of his assertions or to wear the brand of falsehood I shall write upon his unblushing brow.

Sir, the member from New York assumes the oracular style—he pronounces his opinions with the air of one competent to pronounce an opinion entitled to consideration. He—the blustering member from New York—announces to this Convention that the anti-slavery movement has thrown up many small men. He forgot to tell us that it has thrown down many little mean men. The exhibition he made of himself last night and this morning will convince all of us here that he is the last creature that breathes God's air or walks God's earth to sneer at any one, however humble, for want of ability, temper or manners. With a swaggering and blustering air he threatens to go over to the Democracy if the platform of Restoration of Freedom to Kansas and Nebraska is adopted. Let him go. Let his blustering associates (Barker and Lyon) go, bag and baggage; we shall lose little of power, talent or character; they might find more congenial spirits among the camp followers of the chiefs of Tammany Hall. The member assures us that he is tired of playing the "hypocrite"! I am glad to hear this confession! He assures us that he will be a "hypocrite" no longer if you will only give him this New York pro-slavery platform to stand upon. I have but little hope of defeating the adoption of this platform. I wish I could say that I hope the member will cease to be a "hypocrite" after it is adopted.

Sir, the member of the committee from New York (Mr. Lyon) avows the paternity of this pro-slavery platform. It is his by adoption; he is the reputed father of this deformed monstrosity! Yes, sir, New York is responsible, and she shall be held responsible, for this platform. The member of the committee (Mr. Lyon) claims it as his own—his own by adoption; the member over the way (Mr. Mallory) undertakes to pledge us to it even before he will allow us to discuss its provisions; the member before me (Mr. Barker) had mounted it, uttering the parrot-like phrase—"No North, no South, no East, no West"—and now the member who has just taken his seat (Mr. Squires) threatens to bolt to the Democratic camp if we do not adopt it, and relieve him from terrible affliction of playing the "hypocrite" the rest of his days! The New York members assume to utter the voice of that great State. Standing here, to-day, with 80,000 Massachusetts freemen at my back—aye, sir, with fifteen sovereign States and one and a half millions of Northern men pledged to the policy of freedom, I tell you, sir, I tell this National Council—aye, sir, I tell these recusant delegates to their faces, that they do not represent the sentiments of the people of the Empire State. Ralph Waldo Emerson says that "the weight of a sentence depends whether a man is behind it or not." These delegates stand here unsupported by the people of New York. They are the insignificant chiefs of a baffled and defeated faction in the city and State

chusetts as they will meet in his own native Carolina. I am here, sir, to save Liberty, now perilled—not to save the Union, which is safe in the hearts of the people.

Sir, this majority platform—this New York platform—was adopted in committee by seventeen votes to fourteen. Two of these votes are from Minnesota and the District of Columbia, that have no electoral votes to give, and in all the other States the American party has been defeated wherever its banner has been raised. The friends of that majority report have not an electoral vote now secured, and they cannot pledge us one with any degree of certainty. The minority platform, in favour of the restoration of freedom to Kansas and Nebraska, received fourteen votes from fourteen States, having one hundred and twenty-six electoral votes, all now secured. Iowa is not here, and New York can easily be ours upon that minority platform. Adopt the majority platform, and these one hundred and twenty-six votes are lost; Iowa and New York go with them, and the States that impose this platform upon us will nearly all be swept by the Democracy. Adopt the restoration policy, and we can sweep every free State like a whirlwind. Adopt the majority report, and defeat is inevitable—annihilation sure.

This majority platform expressly declares that "the American party cannot be held in any manner responsible for the obnoxious acts or violated pledges of either the Whig or Democratic parties." Having made this declaration, what does it propose the American party shall do? It proposes that the American party shall sanction these "obnoxious acts and violated pledges," by avowing its purpose to be, "to abide by and maintain the existing laws upon the subject of slavery, as a final and conclusive settlement of that subject in spirit and in substance." It proposes not only to sanctify the legislation of the past, but to ignore all action in the future. It declares that Congress has no constitutional power "to exclude any State from admission into the Union because its Constitution does or does not recognise the institution of slavery as a part of its social system; and expressly pretermitting any expression of opinion upon the power of Congress to establish or prohibit slavery in any Territory, it is the sense of the National Council that Congress ought not to legislate upon the subject of slavery within the territory of the United States, and that any interference by Congress with slavery as it exists in the District of Columbia would be a violation of the spirit and intention of the compact by which the State of Maryland ceded the District to the United States and a breach of the national faith." The adoption of this Platform commits the American party unconditionally to the policy of slavery—to the iron dominion of the Black Power. I tell you, sir, I tell this Convention, that we cannot stand upon this platform in a single free State of the North. The people of the North will repudiate it, spurn it, spit upon it. For myself, sir, I here and now tell you to your faces, that I will trample with disdain on your platform. I will not support it. I will support no man who stands upon it. Adopt that platform, and you array against you everything that is pure and holy—everything that has the elements of permanency in it—the noblest pulsations of the human heart—the holiest convictions of the human soul—the profoundest ideas of the human intellect and the attributes of Almighty God! Your party will be withered and consumed by the blasting breath of the people's wrath! There is an old Spanish proverb, which says that "the feet of the avenging Deities are shod with wool." Softly and silently these avenging deities are advancing upon you. You will find that "the mills of God grind slowly, but they grind to powder."

Of one hundred and forty-two representatives of the free States of the North, one hundred and twenty, elected by more than 300,000 majority, are pledged against the Kansas-Nebraska iniquity. Your platform requires these representatives to violate their pledges to the people, to smother their own holiest convictions, to abandon your party or resign their seats. Do you, sir, believe these representatives will obey your unholy decrees? Do you believe they will betray a free and generous people at your bidding? I tell you, nay! They will trample with disdain upon your platform. They will spurn it, and spurn you. The people will sustain them, and trample your platform and you in the dust.

Sir, the gentleman from Alabama (Judge Hopkins) takes exception to the declaration made by me, the other day, in reply to the gentleman from Virginia (Mr. Bolling), that "the past was yours—the future ours!" He objects, he tells us, to my assuming the functions of a prophet. Sir, I make little pretensions to the gift of prophecy—but it requires but a slight knowledge of the aspects of the slavery question in America to pronounce the opinion that the past of the Republic belongs to Slavery—the future to Freedom. Perhaps the distinguished gentleman from Alabama believes that we of the North are mere conquered provinces—that the people will obey your decrees and "conquer their prejudices." One year ago, when the slave propagandists proposed to repeal so much of the Act of the 6th of March, 1820, as prohibited slavery in the vast territory lying in the heart of the Continent, these slave propagandists laughed to scorn the predictions of the friends of freedom, that the repeal would meet the stern resistance of the people of the North. The haughty chiefs of the Black Power, and the Administration, and its Northern tools in Congress, have gone down before the stormy wrath of the people! The predictions made by us, in the Spring of 1854, are now historical deeds—"consummated facts." So it will be now. The deed you are about to perform will seal your doom forever.

You tell us that we ought to rebuke the fanaticism of our people. Sir, I tell you the people of the North are in earnest—they are not fanatics or bigots. I know something of the people of New England. I have sat at the tables and slept beneath the peaceful roofs of many of the mechanics, farmers and tradesmen of Massachusetts—of New England—and I tell you the men who read their open Bibles around their firesides, when they rise in the morning and retire at night, are the men who will spurn your unhallowed decrees, they who will rob you of none of your rights, but they will inflexibly demand their own. The anti-slavery sentiment of the North is a profound religious conviction, resting upon the commands of Almighty God, "to do unto others as we would that others should do unto us"—"to love our neighbours as ourselves"—"to undo the heavy burdens and let the oppressed go free"! Sir, do you think that the descendants of that sturdy old Puritan race, that met the demands of priests, nobles and Kings with the stern "Thus saith the Lord," will smother the holiest convictions of their souls, and obey the decrees of a body of men like this? I tell you, sir, that they will do so—never.

I ask those gentlemen who think the American party can be organized successfully upon the basis of these resolutions to turn back for only seven years and read the history of that brief period. Seven years ago, this very month, in this city, the great Whig party, led by Clay, Webster and some of the most gifted statesmen of the Republic, hooted out of their National Convention the grand doctrine of slavery prohibition in the Territories. On that day the Whig party began to die. It staggered into power, and, with its palsied and withering hand, it signed the Fugitive Slave Act, and with its feeble expiring voice it declared that the Compromise Act of 1850 should be "a final settlement of the Slavery question," and then it sunk into a dishonoured grave. Such was the fate of that once powerful party, which sometimes contested successfully with its great rival for power. The Democratic party went down in 1848, because the people believed it more fully pledged to slavery than its rival. It went into power in 1852, not because the people loved it or had confidence in it, but because the people hated and distrusted its rival. It laid its victorious hand upon the anti-slavery movement, and to-day it floats upon the waves of the political sea, a shattered, rudderless wreck. I warn you, sir, not to attempt to accomplish with this organization what the Whig and Democratic parties, with a million and a half of voters each, led by old chieftains and accomplished statesmen, ignominiously failed to accomplish. Perhaps those modest New York champions think they can do what Clay, Webster and Cass could not do?

The gentleman from Alabama (Judge Hopkins) brings into this National Council the reputation of a learned jurist and able lawyer. I listened with attention to his elaborate speech of nearly two hours, and I must say, with entire respect for the distinguished gentleman, that he most skilfully avoided judicial decisions and historical facts. His positions were mere unsupported assertions, in face of the uniform decisions of the United States Courts, from the organization of the Government to the present moment, and of the action of the National Government from the inauguration of Washington to the inauguration of Pierce. His theories came from the prolific brain of Mr. Calhoun, and, like most of the school to which he belongs, the gentleman paid little deference to facts, when they came in conflict with his theories. To establish his theory of constitutional construction, he went so far as to interpolate the word "white" after the word "free," in the second section of the Constitution. The gentleman asks, with a tone of reproach, why we of the North are not willing to live up to the Constitution as our fathers made it—why we are not willing to stand in the relation to slavery the framers of the Constitution placed us? Sir, I am willing to stand by the obligations imposed upon us by the Constitution, as I understand it, as our fathers made it—not as it has been interpreted by their sons, under the aggressive policy of the Slave Power. The illustrious men who framed the Constitution found slavery a State institution, and they left it a State institution. They believed it would soon pass away under the influence of the ideas they had proclaimed and the institutions they had founded. To prove their sincerity, they prohibited slavery forever in all the territorial possessions of the Republic. When the Constitution of the United States was framed and adopted, slavery existed in twelve of the thirteen States, but not a single slave existed by the authority of the confederacy. The framers of the Constitution inaugurated the national policy of freedom. North Carolina so interpreted the policy of the nation, for, in 1790, when she ceded Tennessee to the United States, she expressly stipulated that "no regulation made or to be made by Congress should lead to the emancipation of slaves." Congress accepted the grant upon that condition, and thus made the nation responsible for the crime of slavery.

Mr. CUNNINGHAM, of South Carolina—Mr. President, I own a slave, and the gentleman from Massachusetts owns a horse. Does the gentleman believe that the Federal Government has any more right to exclude my slave from the Territories of the United States than it has to exclude his horse? Will the gentleman give me an answer?

Mr. WILSON—I will answer by saying that if my horse belongs to a breed that blasts the earth wherever it puts down its hoof, so that a blade of grass will never grow where it treads, the Government has the right to keep my horse out of the Territories. Where the slave plants his heel, the earth withers. By the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, "the state of slavery is a mere municipal regulation, founded upon and limited to the verge of the State law." Slavery does not exist by any municipal law in the Territories. Congress has no constitutional power to establish it there, therefore the local law of the States authorizing slavery cannot be transported to the Territories, and the slave becomes a freeman when he is carried beyond the authority of the local law of the State. The slave in Kansas is not held by the authority of law, but by the force of the master.

The views of the anti-slavery men of the North are studiously misrepresented by the pro-slavery presses of the North, and by the slave propaganda of the South. This question of slavery, overriding as it does every other question here and in every section of the country, must be met by the statesmen of the country, by the people of the country, and discussed in the light of humanity and Christian patriotism. Northern men and Southern men must bring to the discussion of this transcendent question something beside hard words and rash acts. We want calm, dispassionate discussion in the North and in the South.

I desire here and now to state precisely and exactly my views upon the slavery question, and I desire to do so because I know my views have been misrepresented at home and abroad.

I am opposed to slavery everywhere. I believe it to be a crime against man and a sin against God. I am in favour of its abolition wherever it exists, by those who are legally responsible for its existence.

I believe slavery to be a "mere municipal regulation, founded upon and limited to the verge of the State law," and that the people of the States where it exists are alone legally responsible for its existence.

I believe the Federal Government has no more right to make a slave than to make a king—no more right to permit slavery to be established where it has exclusive jurisdiction than it has to permit an order of nobility to be established,

I am in favour of relieving the federal government from all connection with, and responsibility for, the existence of slavery. To effect this object I am in favour of the abolition of slavery in the district of Columbia and the prohibition of slavery in all the territories.

Mr. MALLORY, of New York—Mr. President, if the gentleman will allow me, I should like to ask him if the power to abolish slavery does not carry with it the power to establish slavery by the federal government?

Mr. WILSON—I think not. Freedom is the rule—slavery the exception. Slavery can only legally exist by positive law. There is no power expressed or implied in the Constitution of the United States to institute slavery. The Constitution was ordained and established "to promote the general welfare and to secure the blessings of liberty;" not to establish slavery. The Supreme Court of Massachusetts, under the authority of her Constitution, decreed the abolition of slavery—the power to abolish it would not authorize the Court to reestablish it.

Mr. BOTELER, of Virginia—Will the gentleman from Massachusetts read the remainder of the sentence of the Constitution which says that the blessings of liberty are to be secured "to ourselves and our posterity." Negroes are not "ourselves" or "our posterity!"

Mr. WILSON—Seven States have abolished slavery since the adoption of the Constitution, and these Negroes are a portion of "ourselves" and "our posterity." I accept the Declaration of National Independence and the Constitution of the United States, as the political charts of the American citizen—and they impose upon every American citizen the imperative obligation so to exercise his national political rights as "to secure the blessings of liberty," and to maintain inviolate the "self-evident truths that all men are created equal—that they are endowed by their Creator with the inalienable right of liberty."

Standing by Williams's slave-pen nineteen years ago, and gazing upon men, women and children, collected for the Southern markets, I pledged myself to liberty, and have never, in public or private, at home or abroad, spoken or written one word inconsistent with that pledge, and I never will do so, to save any party, at the command of any body of men on earth. When I united with the American organization in March, 1854, in its hour of weakness—I told the men with whom I acted that my anti-slavery opinions were the matured convictions of years, and that I would not modify or qualify my opinions or suppress my sentiments for any consideration on earth. From that hour to this, in public and in private, I have freely uttered my anti-slavery sentiments, and laboured to promote the anti-slavery cause, and I tell you now, that I will continue to do so. You shall not proscribe anti-slavery principles, measures or men, without receiving from me the most determined and unrelenting hostility. It is a painful thing to differ from our associates and friends—but when duty—a stern sense of duty demands it, I shall do so.

Reject this majority platform—adopt the proposition to restore freedom to Kansas and Nebraska, and to protect the actual settlers from violence and outrage—simplify your rules—make an open organization—banish all bigotry and intolerance from your ranks—place your movement in harmony with the humane progressive spirit of the age, and you may win and retain power, and elevate and improve the political character of the country. Adopt this majority platform—commit the American movement to the slave perpetualists and the slave propagandists, and you will go down before the burning indignation and withering scorn of American freemen.

A TREACHEROUS YANKEE.

From the Boston Transcript, June 22.

We have seen a letter from Norfolk, Va., addressed to a respectable coloured man in this city, from which we make the following extract: "Dear Brother: It is with a heavy heart and wounded spirit I attempt to write these few lines to you. You must be in prayer for us; we are in great trouble at this time. Sayles and Brown have got in trouble in attempting to send five friends North. Sayles made a bargain with Capt. Goodrich, master of the scooner Grace Darling, of Boston, to carry them North for $25 apiece, and sent Brown to the captain to make arrangements to put them on board.

"The captain told Brown to have them on board at 11 o'clock Saturday night. Brown did so, and gave the captain $125. After he received the money, he said to Brown he had forgot something, and he took the boat and came ashore and got the police, and had the people put in gaol. The gentlemen in Norfolk are getting up a sum of two hundred dollars for the captain. There were four men and one woman among them. May the Lord stand by them."

We do not propose to argue about cases of this kind, for we believe it to be alike impolite and unwise for persons visiting the slave States to have anything to do whatever with the escape of those held in bondage. Such interference is generally the result of mistaken zeal, which leads to great mischief in many ways. In the present case, however, if the facts are as stated above, the cruelty and meanness of deceiving these poor fellows into the belief that he would befriend them, and then betraying them into the hands of the police, and robbing them of their money besides, must be estimated alike by all honourable minds.

From the Boston Telegraph, June 25.

Captain Goodrich of the "Grace Darling," the base paltroon who betrayed the coloured people of Norfolk who had sought his aid to reach a land of freedom, is, we regret to chronicle it, a resident of Manchester, in this State. On Saturday, he was waited upon by a committee of gentlemen of this city, to learn some particulars of the affair in which his name is now so dishonourably associated, but he doggedly refused to give any information whatever, but in true braggadocia style intimated that those who did n't like his conduct might make the most of it, and that he would shoot the first man that laid hands upon him for violence.

On Saturday evening, this menial took the cars for Manchester, and upon arriving at his residence was waited upon by some of the neighbours and residents of the town, who, justly indignant that such reproach should come upon their beautiful village by the presence of such a heartless wretch, essayed to draw from him some information or explanation of the matter. He again declined to satisfy the proper curiosity evinced by the public, was very curt in his communications, and contented himself with simply intimating that he should make a statement in a few days in the public journals, of his doings. The interview, and manner of the man, was anything but satisfactory to the good people of the town, who shortly after prepared and run up on the public square, in front of the Orthodox church, an *effigy* of the treacherous captain, labelled in these words: "*Judas sold the oppressed for thirty pieces of silver.*" The figure was suffered to remain all through yesterday (Sunday), meeting the gaze of hundreds, and was still in sight this morning. Great feeling is manifested by the citizens of Manchester at the conduct of Goodrich, and they will probably make some public demonstration of their indignant sentiment.

Capt. Goodrich came to the city, this morning, in the cars, an object of aversion to all the passengers save himself, who, one after another, as they entered, desired he should be pointed out to them. He is probably about his vessel, to-day, but no demands of business, doubtless, will efface from his consciousness the sense of loathing with which he is viewed by all honourable men for his inhuman conduct.

The following handbill was posted about our streets, in the neighbourhood of the shipping, yesterday morning:

STOP THIEF!

Ran away from NORFOLK, Va., with One Hundred and Twenty-five Dollars,

CAPT. GOODRICH,

of Manchester, Mass., Master of Schooner "GRACE DARLING," now lying in the harbour of Boston.

JUDAS took the thirty pieces, but he performed the service for those who paid him.

MARK THIS WRETCH! He decoyed five coloured persons on board his vessel, promising to bring them away for a price, TOOK THEIR MONEY, and then BETRAYED THEM! Let him have such a reception as he deserves, wherever he appears, at the North.

DESCRIPTION.—A large —— body; no soul; about 45 years of age; hair inclining to grey; no whiskers, complexion browned, teeth discoloured by tobacco.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1855

EYE-SALVE.

EVERYBODY has heard the phrase "to make the worse appear the better reason," and we still see specimens of the reduction of this idea to actual practice, sometimes in the legal, now and then in the clerical, and occasionally in the *Barnum* profession. The power of expression is so exceedingly various in different individuals that, by means of it, one man will enchain you in attentive interest to whatever he wishes to write or speak, while another will make even your favourite subject dry and tedious, by the unsatisfactory dress in which he clothes it. Sometimes a bad principle or a false idea is so plausibly stated that even an intelligent and attentive person is puzzled for a time, and unable to put his finger upon the exact point where lies the fallacy; and sometimes a prolonged examination of one side of a subject makes upon the examiner himself the impression that he thoroughly sees through it, and that his statement not only describes, but circumscribes it, so that he deceives other people only after, and in consequence of, being self-deceived.

But there is another mode of false statement, in which the truth and the right are directly and impudently reversed, the acceptance of the falsehood being expected, not from any plausibility in itself, but from the occupancy of some advantageous and authoritative position by him who speaks or writes it. Take a few instances.

Gil Blas of Santillane, on the high road to Burgos, upon a[illegible] maior, perceived an old hat, lying bottom upwards, in the middle of the road before his mule. Just before he reached it, a voice accosted him with "Mr. Traveller, for God's sake have pity on a poor old soldier. Drop, if you please a few bits into the hat, and you shall be rewarded in heaven." On looking towards the side whence the voice issued, Gil Blas saw, at the foot of a tree about twenty paces distant, a kind of soldier, who upon two crossed sticks supported the barrel of a carbine, with which he seemed about to take aim at the traveller. Gil Blas felt the force of the appeal, hastily dropped some of his smaller coins into the hat, and urged his mule forward as fast as possible.

Here is a more recent specimen of the same sort. A man had a draft on one of the banks of Illinois for three thousand dollars, for which he demanded specie. The bank officers invited the applicant to come behind the counter, which invitation was accepted, when the door of the bank safe was opened, and the officer addressed the following language to his visitor: "Say, stranger, look in that further corner of this safe, and you will see a small pile of gold. Now, that pile is the least possible sum that the law will allow us to keep on hand, a-wasting, while we are a banking institution; and if you think that I am going to *break one of our State laws* to pay you in specie, you don't know who I am. You never wronged me, and I have no ill will against you, but take care how you run on our bank, or I will bring out our revolvers." The stranger took bills for his draft.

Here is a case of equal hardihood in another department. Mr. Bohn having thought fit to disgrace himself, and defile his "Classical Series," with a literal translation of the very vilest indecencies of ancient times, a collection of obscenity worthy of Sodom and Gomorrah, prints the following in his preface:

"The poems of —— seem to claim a sort of prescriptive right to be associated with those of —— and ——; but the latter already fill a volume in this series. In giving a companion, therefore, to ——, we have thought it better to give a work of *substantial merit*, like the —— of —— [naming here the vilest of the collection], than to sacrifice to a merely formal arrangement considerations of more real importance, though this *curious romance* has *unfortunately* come down to us in a very mutilated state.

"The remaining space has been devoted, *not incongruously*, it is believed, to the —— of ——, a work which, though written in the 16th century, has attained the rank of a classic; and to the *lively* and *graceful* love epistles of ——, which belong to the classical period, and are so *agreeably* rendered by ——."

As far as the malefactors in these three cases are concerned, nobody would rank them as other than deliberate scoundrels; whose villany was aggravated by their impudence. Nobody would practise such a perversion of charity as to suppose them possibly well-meaning men; and nobody would stop to argue with the highwayman on justice, with the bank swindler on honesty, or with the manufacturer of elaborate incitements to lust on purity, as if they were not already cognizant of those considerations and regardless of them. The good *talk* which we find in their mouths, the appeal of the first to Heaven's blessing upon charity, the pretence of the second of scrupulous regard to his country's laws, and the recognition, by the third, of "substantial merit," as a needful characteristic of literature, only fortify the proof that they are hardened and inexcusable offenders. In cases so plainly marked as these, we consider the tree as certainly known by its fruit, and we give judgment accordingly.

This same cool impudence in the assertion of false and vicious principles has been frequently used, of late, in the defence of slavery. Take the following from the *Mobile Register*:

"As much as we abhor mob law, we say, with our hand on our heart, that we rejoice that the Missourians have shown, by something stronger than paper protests and wordy resolutions, a purpose to resist the steady and long-continued efforts of fanatical scoundrels to invade their rights, and to jeopard their domestic, social and political safety. * * * We trust that the Missourians will continue the good fight they have begun, and, if need be, call on their brethren in the South for help to put down by force of arms the infernal schemes hatched in Northern hotbeds of Abolition for their injury. The question is obliged to come to the arbitrament of blows, and Kansas is as good a battle-ground as any other. There is no other way to deal with people who have taken leave of reason, who refuse to listen to the considerations of humanity, and who trample on the word of God and the Constitution of their country in their insane efforts to compass their diabolical ends."

When men have debased themselves to the extent of systematically practising, for a living, the meanness and injustice necessarily involved in slaveholding, it is by no means strange either that they should use falsehood, calumny and violence as the means to that end, or that they should manufacture patriotic, or pious, or other plausible pretences to veil their baseness. These things are a matter of course when they advance the interests of unprincipled and desperate men. They are no more surprising than lies from Barnum when a woolly horse or a Feejee mermaid is in question. But when falsehood just as gross, impudence just as glaring, misappropriation of patriotic or pious phrases just as palpable, are put forth with a serious air from the mouth of a Northern clergyman, when one who calls himself a minister *of the Gospel* deliberately and persistently uses the weight of his reputation, the authority of his position, and the appeals to religion and duty which custom has rendered venerable in his mouth, to sustain that very atrocity which the drunken bullies of Missouri are now upholding by means of clubs, bowie-knives and revolvers—what shall we say? Is it too much to say that here also the tree is known by its fruit?

Reader, you know what slavery is; you know the enforced ignorance, the degradation, the licentiousness, the cruelty, the hideous injustice which inseparably belong to it. Hear, now, the Rev. Dr. Nehemiah Adams's counsel to the North respecting it, not hastily uttered in the heat of controversy, and repented of, but written, printed, defended, and published in a second edition:

"We must return to the Constitution. While it remains, all our appeals to a *higher law* are fanaticism. We must not seek to obtain from the South any confession, or concession, or promise. Let us adopt the principle that the South is competent to manage the subject of slavery, and straightway cease from all offensive action. We must, in some way, prevent the annoyance to which Southern travellers are exposed, of having their coloured servants enticed away, or brought before the Courts to be emancipated. The South is best qualified to lead the whole country in plans and efforts for the African race. We will follow her. We must not be prejudiced by our associations with the word slavery; we may be too impatient with regard to its continuance. *Is* this system to be utterly abolished? Or can it be that, in some form, it is connected with the mysterious purposes of God, with His great plan of good-will toward men, and *especially toward the African race*. Could villages and tribes of Africans be, *by any means*, induced to emigrate to this land, and *be placed under the influence the slaves enjoy*, Ethiopia would stretch out her hands to God sooner than the most sanguine interpreters of prophecy now dare to hope."

Pause, reader, and think of the above extract; for it really requires an effort of attention to grasp the full audacity of a Northern clergyman spontaneously and seriously proposing not only that the North should *follow* and *cooperate with* the South in her present relation towards the slaves, but that that relation should be made *perpetual*, and that *the foreign slave trade should be revived*, and all this as the readiest means towards the *diffusion of Christianity* and the *fulfilment of prophecy!*

Another spontaneous, published and reiterated expression of adhesion to slavery is from the pen of the Rev. Dr. Nathan Lord, President of Dartmouth College, as follows:

"Slavery is an institution of God, according to Natural Religion, and also a positive institution of Revealed Religion.

"Being God's institution, it of course violates no rights of man.

"If slavery be a 'malum in se,' we have numerous probabilities that God's government is badly administered; in other words, that there is no God.

"Obedience to the law of love, instead of subverting slavery, would preserve it till the resurrection day."

From this fruit, voluntarily presented to us by Dr. Lord, as a sample of his quality, what is it reasonable that we should think of the tree?

The inquiry which we wish to suggest, and to have seriously pondered, is this: Since none of the extracts at the commencement of this article contain a more audacious reversal of truth, right and justice than those from the two clergymen at its close, why do the serious, reflective and religious part of the community, which condemn the former, practically sustain the latter? Why do they not see that it is absurd to recognise these men as Christians at all, and the very grossest of absurdities to regard them as ministers *of the Gospel*, competent to teach Christianity to others, as being themselves proficients in the theory and practice of it? Why is it not understood that the claim to be a Christian, or a teacher of true Christianity, is as completely negatived by the declarations of those two Doctors of Divinity as by habitual drunkenness, theft, adultery, or worship of a graven image; and that the fact of holding such principles is, by itself, conclusive proof that the holders do not understand the first principles of that beneficent system, and, *a fortiori*, that they can neither be examples of its power nor qualified to explain it to others?

These matters are worth thinking of.

THE *Independent's* Boston correspondent, while he is careful to speak with every indication of respect and reverence of those anniversary meetings in that city in which such notorious defenders of slavery and the Fugitive Slave law as Dr. Blagden, Dr. Adams, Dr. Stearns, Dr. Joel Parker and Hiram Ketchum took a prominent part (receiving the right hand of religious fellowship from men who profess to be Abolitionists!), thus caricatures and misrepresents the proceedings of the New England Anti-Slavery Convention:

"The anti-slavery discussions have been what they always are, only 'a little more so.' The chief interest attending them seems to consist in the curiosity of seeing how untruly a truth can be advocated, and how many noble ideas can be emasculated by mixtures of an unjust spirit. You would deem, from these speeches, that the abolition of slavery was a remote desideratum compared with the demolition of the Constitution of the United States, revivals of religion, the Christian Church, Dr. Adams, and Judge Loring. That is not all. No matter how near a man comes to the Anti-Slavery Platform; if he does not stand square on it according to the Garrisonian perpendicular, and, moreover, administer an occasional kick, right and left, at those who sincerely love liberty and the slave after another way, he is no better than a plantation-driver or a devil. And so Dr. Lyman Beecher, John Quincy Adams, Frederick Douglass, and likely enough Charles Sumner, have to be excommunicated, if they unite in prayer with Dr. Adams, or take an oath to support the Constitution. How some men will open their eyes when they enter the kingdom of heaven? The compensation for this bitterness is its impotence. The mournfulness of it is that a reform, for which mercy and truth, religion and humanity are crying out with louder and more agonizing tones every hour, should lose an ounce of force by such weakness of wrath. Last year, Anthony Burns spent the Anniversary week in an upper loft of the Court-House, and cautious men regretted that such an unfortunate occurrence should have taken place just when there were so many ministers here from the country. This year, Burns sat on the platform of the Anti-Slavery Convention; and the Personal Liberty Bill has been passed by the Legislature of Massachusetts."

If we had encountered misrepresentation and caricature like this in the *New York Observer*, the Portland *Christian Mirror*, the *Vermont Chronicle*, or the *New York Herald*, we should have had no occasion for surprise; but to find it in *The Independent*, a journal making high anti-slavery professions and commended to the public regard and confidence by the contributions of Henry Ward Beecher and the author of *Uncle Tim's Cabin*, is an incongruity that both grieves and shocks us. Is it not enough that the pro-slavery press should persist, year after year, in heaping opprobrium upon the New England Convention? Can *The Independent* find no way to signalize its opposition to the peculiar views of Disunion Abolitionists without thus sinking itself to the level of journals that habitually scoff at the Higher Law? If it is constrained to differ in opinion from the radical Abolitionists, can it not afford to state their views with candour, or at least without positive misrepresentation? The principal speeches made in the New England Convention have been reported and published; let *The Independent's* correspondent see if he can find anything in them to justify his assertion that "the abolition of slavery was a remote desideratum compared with the demolition of the Constitution of the United States, revivals of religion, the Christian Church, Dr. Adams and Judge Loring." We assert that everything that was said in that Convention upon the topics and the persons referred to was manifestly incidental to the great question of slavery, and dictated by an earnest and paramount desire to deliver the slaves from their chains as speedily as possible. The speakers alluded to Dr. Adams and Judge Loring only to condemn what *The Independent* itself has denounced; but they did one thing which that paper, with all its anti-slavery professions, has neither the consistency nor the courage to do, and which probably gave offence to its correspondent, viz.: exposed, without respect of persons, the shameful inconsistency exhibited by Dr. Lyman Beecher and other professedly anti-slavery clergymen, in giving the right hand of religious fellowship to Dr. Nehemiah Adams and selecting him to lead their public devotions. *The Independent* knows very well that if Dr. Adams had ventured to deny the doctrine of the Trinity, or any other item of the Orthodox creed, he would never have been selected to perform such a function; nay, more, that he would have been hurled from the pulpit and the church as a heretic; and yet, notwithstanding he had stood forth as the avowed apologist and defender of the "sum of all villanies," and deliberately sought to turn to stone the tide of sympathy which was beginning to flow from Christian hearts for the relief of the slave, the Orthodox piety of Massachusetts, represented in Boston during Anniversary Week, was content to breathe through *his* lips its prayers for a revival! The New England Anti-Slavery Convention saw in this fresh evidence of the utter spuriousness of the popular religion, which is as destitute of the Christian spirit as were the fasts and forms of the ancient Scribes and Pharisees, and it uttered its opinions faithfully and fearlessly, designing thereby to bring that religion into contempt and to promote a genuine piety, whose fruits should be seen in the deliverance of the slaves from their chains. Here is an issue easily understood and worthy, at least, of grave and respectful consideration. Why should not *The Independent* and its correspondents meet it in a manly way? Why, instead of fair argument, do they resort to ridicule, misrepresentation and abuse?

CHESTER COUNTY, PA.—A friend in West Chester, Pennsylvania, writes us, in a private letter, as follows

"The cause of progress in general, and Progressive Friendism in particular, I think is decidedly looking up in these parts. It was a capital idea that of getting Theodore Parker to come and bless us with his eloquence. He *must* come again. The politicians here are in a wonderful quandary just now. If some one would start an entirely new party on a broad and liberal platform, without the pro-slavery planks (any more than are absolutely required by the Constitution), the people would join it by thousands."

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, No. 579.—The leading paper in this number is an exceedingly interesting story, "Mother and Stepmother," from *Household Words*, which occupies some 28 pages. The other contents are as follows: The Coup de Journac; Administrative Example of the United States (*Westminster Review*); Submarine Telegraph to Europe; a Russian Priest; Coleridge's Lectures on Shakspeare. *Poetry*—To the Loire; A First Sorrow. *Short Articles*, on a variety of topics. Boston: Littell, Son & Co. New York Office, 245 Broadway.

AN ILLUSTRATION.

THE other day, a friend of ours called at the office and gave in the following narrative: My walk, to-day, led me to the shanty of a fisherman. When I say *fisherman*, I mean one whose chief occupation is *fishing*—whose livelihood comes from fishing—though he, now and then, does other little jobs that don't seem to have much relation to it, and as he finds leisure for them, without interfering with his main business. Not being at all pressed for time, I thought I could well dispose of an hour or two, in examining his various preparations for carrying on his pursuit, as they appeared to me the most complete I had seen.

The first thing I concluded to look at was the interior of the shanty; though many may not see the connection there is between a shanty and catching fish. But supposing the shanty to be under the ordering and supervision of the wife, and that the well-doing of man, in any calling, depended greatly on the well-doing and pleasant temper of the wife, I made up my mind to look, first, at the manner her department was attended to. On approaching the door and looking in, I saw a lady who seemed just to have finished putting all things in it—of course, they were not many—to rights; indeed they were in the most thorough *apple-pie* order. She herself was dressed in a neat and tidy manner, had got her work and a newspaper, and was preparing to sit down in a chair close by. On inquiring for her husband, whom I chanced to know, and with whom I had some little business in his line, I was told that he had gone out to fish—the day being very fine—immediately after an early breakfast, and that I would find him on the water, which was not more than thirty or forty yards from us. I went down to where he was. He was industriously engaged in putting out, and managing, his various apparatus for taking fish. My little business with him was soon satisfactorily despatched, and it struck me, that I would ask him something about his pursuits—for he appeared very willing to answer all my inquiries. A long and narrow, but quite cheap, frame house, stood near the water, and on my asking him what it was for, he told me that there he kept all his "fishing-tackle," so that whenever he found it fit to put them under cover—as he always did, when they were sufficiently dry—they should not suffer from the weather. He, also, said, that he had the frame so arranged, that he could very conveniently at any time, open it, and let in the sunshine and wind. He put into it, too, his hooks and lines, and poles. He said that, by doing this, his lines did not rot or get tangled—nor his hooks loose and rusty—nor his poles split and unfit for use; that, indeed, he gained time by it, for, always having his apparatus in good order, he had only to keep *himself* in good order, to use any little favourable niche of time that presented itself. He said, also, what I never heard before, that "*good management was generally but another name for good luck*," and that he had no reason to complain of *his*—for he caught as many fish as he could well manage, sold them to persons who, he had no doubt, wanted them, and who punctually paid him for them.

I remarked, just as I was turning to leave him, "I see you have a neighbour but a short distance above; I suppose you and your familes are on good terms of fellowship." "O, yes," he laughingly observed, "he too is a fisherman, as I am, and we visit each other often." I thought, as it would not take me much longer, and as I had already been much interested in my walk—having learned something more than I before knew, how others got along in the world—that I would extend it to his neighbour's. Accordingly, I marched along the edge of the stream, till I came to the shanty where he lived—for there was no other house on the place. I had nearly got to it, before my approach was perceived. When I came fully to the door, I had my civil salutation crustily answered by a poorly dressed woman, who began her operations by sweeping the house, beating the dogs, and scolding the two dirty and crying children—seemingly just out of bed. When things were somewhat quieted, I took a seat, offered to me, near the door, and began conversing with the wife; yet I could hear some person, that I took to be the husband, snoring in a bed in one corner of the shanty. In a few minutes, he about half-waked up, rose on end, stared stupidly around, like one who had drank too much the overnight, and, without saying anything, dropped down to sleep again. The wife said her "man," John, had been up later than common the night before—indeed, till midnight—in which case, he always "*took*" too much; that the fishing, the previous afternoon, had been very good; that he had come in in such a hurry, that he left all his fish in the boat, tying it safe to the shore, expecting to be up early to attend to them, and that the part of the fishing-*tackle* which he had brought with him, he had also left in the boat with the fish, or had thrown it on the ground ashore. I then suggested to her that the fish had better be seen to, as soon as possible—for the day was clear and warm—and as I was then about returning, my presence would not at all delay her. At the same time, I proposed—as the river would be but little out of my way—to go with her down to it, to see what condition things were in there. To all this she cheerfully assented, and we went to the river together, the children following close behind us, pretty much like two ill-fed and ill-conditioned dogs. But such a sight! Mrs. —— screamed right out. On approaching the boat, which had been left dry by the withdrawing tide, we saw a lean sow with four lean pigs, feasting on the fish. Here and there an untouched one might be picked out, but they had mutilated or scarified nearly all of them. The sow had been badly secured, and hunger had impelled her and her brood out early in the morning to seek their forage for the day. But she had *no* pigs, and where were the other two? Mrs. —— at once concluded that they had gotten the bones of the fish in their throats, and gone off somewhere and died. But not so, as we soon discovered. The baits had been incautiously left on the hook fastened to the lines; they had attracted these two, as they were making their way with the others to the boat; they had swallowed them, and the hooks with them, as they were attached to the lines; they had become fastened in their *viscera*, and could not be drawn out, and the pigs were making a painful outcry whenever they moved. At this *ultima thulé* of distress, Mrs. —— almost instinctively ran back to the house for John. Seeing no assistance that I could render, I made my way home.

As I walked along, I thought much of my adventure, concluding that *both* the fishermen—so very opposite were they in their managements—represented *classes* of persons, the provident and the improvident; or, to use the very descriptive language of Carlyle, were "representative men." The first seemed to stand for the "*good*" slaveholder, for, you know, he is often called *good*, when he builds comfortable houses for his "people," gives them enough to eat and wear, suitable beds and blankets, &c., &c., contributing, in every way, to their bodily or physical well-being. In this way, they are kept in better health and humour, go to their work more lively, with greater force and vigour, and are always ready. Besides this, his *gang* lasts much longer. In these things, he certainly has an advantage—and we think it no small one—over his improvident neighbour. But would he not do so with his horses that toiled for him all day—providing them with sufficient food and good stables at night. Would he not take good care of his cow that gives him milk? With his sheep that gave him their meat and wool? With his mules, hogs, &c., &c. The great *object* of his life is his *own comfort*. This will be increased, in proportion as his money and means increase. It is *mainly* limited to physical appliances—for his moral and conscientious plane must be unspeakably low, when he feels authorized by it to *enforce* the toil of others to add to his individual comfort—not seeming to think that his slaves have as much *right* to do to him what he does to them. But would not the "good" slaveholder do with anything he has to manage precisely as he does with his slaves? Does not his intelligence inform him that if he deals with every thing according to the laws of its formation, it will not only last longer, but do better while it does last? His horses, cattle, sheep, mules, hogs, &c., are but his *tools* to accomplish his end. As a wise man, he uses them as such. The same is the case with fisherman No. 1 with regard to his "*tackle*." He keeps it in good order; treats it in such a manner, that it will last as long as it can be made to last, and perform as much service as can be gotten out of it; in fact, he treats it according to the laws of its being. With respect to *these* things, the fisherman and "good" slaveholder are right, and occupy precisely similar places. They use their *tools* in the best manner possible for the attainment of their respective objects. Now, far be it from us to suppose, that the slave, in the case before us,

out of sight. Such is slavery. Is it strange that honest men hate and loathe the Union which leaves the free States powerless in the hands of kidnappers?

GEN. WILSON'S BACKBONE SPEECH, delivered in the National Know-Nothing Council at Philadelphia, will be found in the present issue. We presume the report, as we found it in the Boston *Telegraph*, was not published without authority, though we doubt if the written is equal to the spoken address. But it is full of pluck, and having marked the inauguration of a new era in the proceedings of National Political Conventions, is eminently worthy to be placed on record. That our readers may appreciate the unflinching courage evinced by Mr. Wilson, we copy the following paragraph from the Boston *Telegraph* of Saturday last:

"At the meeting in Redman Hall last evening, Mr. Carey, of Ipswich, stated that when General Wilson rose to reply to the assault made upon the Massachusetts delegation and upon himself in particular, a member from the South, sitting directly in front of him (Carey), and within four feet of Gen. Wilson, drew a revolver, cocked it, and so continued to hold it until the close of his speech. During all this time, Mr. Carey sat with his eye fixed upon the weapon, ready to act if the slightest movement was made. When Gen. Wilson rose to reply to Bolling, of Virginia, he (Bolling) rushed across the hall and took a seat beside Wilson, with an evident intention to intimidate him. Mr. Buffinton, of Fall River, who had heard Bolling declare that he would like to *whip* some one of the Massachusetts men, perceiving his movements walked across the hall, and took a seat directly behind Bolling, ready for defence if necessary. During this speech, Gen. Wilson turned directly to Bolling, and said that he was the last person to be intimidated by threats—that if a personal war was necessary to vindicate his opinions, he was ready for it."

The *Springfield* (Mass.) *Republican*, the most influential Whig journal out of Boston, and which, like other papers of that party, has denounced Mr. Wilson heretofore as unworthy of confidence, now speaks of him in eulogistic terms, as follows:

"On no occasion did our Senator ever do so much credit to himself or to Massachusetts as on this; and without detracting from the high merit due to the other delegates, as well of Massachusetts, as of the other leading States of the North and West, for their loyalty to freedom and justice, and their ability in fighting for them in this struggle between the South and the North, it is but simple justice to say that he was the hero of the contest. This merit we believe will be awarded to him by the delegates of both the North and South, who felt the force of his labours either for or against their convictions. It is true Gen. Wilson did no more than his duty, considering his position and the State he represented. But this could have been truly said had he done less. Duty is relative and not always measurable. And where so many were weak and faithless, where defection was rife and treason not wanting, he who gave his whole energy, his whole thought and almost his whole time, sacrificing rest and even sleep, to encouraging the timid, convincing the doubtful, stiffening the faltering, and marshaling all up to the true expectation of the North—at the same time that he defied the personal and political assaults of hot-headed Southerners, and with earnest eloquence proudly spoke the purposes and pretentions of freedom, and warred with resistless denunciation and sarcasm the ranks of the doughfaces—even if this were only duty, it is a performance of duty worthy of distinguished credit and high encomium. He received it there from all his associates, while he challenged the admiration and respect of the generous and high-minded of those who opposed his conclusions and resisted his energetic assaults.

"This conduct of Gen. Wilson at Philadelphia should secure for him in Massachusetts immunity as to the past, as we believe it gives in his behalf a pledge for the future. Neither making apology nor feeling regret at our past opposition to his political and personal schemes, because we hold that opposition to have been justifiable and right to the fullest extent—we are ready to start anew with himself and his associates on the issues drawn at Philadelphia, and join hands in earnest labour to right the great wrong of the present Administration, restore the republic to its original purpose, and make slavery henceforth sectional and liberty national."

BUCKS COUNTY ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

NEWTOWN, Bucks Co., Pa., June 16, 1855.

MESSRS EDITORS: The Bucks County Anti-Slavery Society held its Annual Meeting in Newtown Hall, on the 9th and 10th instant.

The Afternoon Session was attended by James and Lucretia Mott, and Robert Purvis, who took an active part in the proceedings, besides others of the place.

The two following Resolutions were offered by Samuel Swain, Jr.:

Resolved, That while we view with electrified horror and indignation the stealthy and steady aggression of the Slave Power, in poisoning the free purity of the ballot, corrupting and wresting legislation from its noble offices, we not only deplore the multiplied enormities and outrages of chattel slavery, but we deeply mourn the servitude of the minds of our whole people, the sealing up of the expression of untrammelled opinion, and the fear of acting out deeply-seated convictions, that result from those bold and unblushing triumphs of evil.

Resolved, That while we sympathize warmly with our fellow-citizens whose industrious enterprise has led them to the fertile plains of Kansas and Nebraska, plundered as they have been of their dearest rights by the ruffian minions of an outrageous tyranny and reckless political infamy that have moulded the sentiments of the State of Missouri, we earnestly entreat them to defend to the utmost, as Christians may, as Freemen can, with more than Grecian valour, that yet untainted soil, which has now become the latest Thermopylæ of Freedom.

In the evening, Robert Purvis gave a very high-toned and elegantly prepared Lecture to an intelligent and large audience. He was followed by Lucretia Mott, whose remarks were very practical and instructive. Her appeals to the women present were very feeling; and the importance of making available the growing facilities for woman's moral and intellectual development was happily and persuasively urged by the speaker. The following afternoon, a large assembly were present, and they were addressed by E. M. Davis, in giving practical details of the Anti-Slavery Movement, by Lucretia Mott, Robert Purvis, Elizabeth Paxson, and others.

The following resolution, with the two previous, were adopted:

Resolved, That we endorse fully the following language in a late sermon of the Rev. Mr. Perkins, a modern missionary: "American slavery is the crowning abomination of the nineteenth century; it is, perhaps, the greatest of human obstacles to the progress of the Gospel. The responsibility of its continuance rests much, if not mainly, with the northern portion of our country, and especially with the Churches and their ministers."

Back of the officers' seats was suspended a placard, headed, in large letters, Beware of Slave-catchers, cautioning a man by the name of Butler, an alleged slave, to beware of his pursuers. A Miss Wilson and two men by the names of Wilson and Cummings were in pursuit in the city of Philadelphia. Though the theatre of action was in Philadelphia, yet the people were very much startled in looking upon the notice. Pennsylvania is thus, by giving the slaveholder permission to come within her borders in pursuit of his or her *persons held* to service, telling loudly what she has to do with slavery. The injustice of the compact which our fathers entered into is now making us criminals so long as we assent to it, by being active political incumbents. Let us prefer to be loyal to man's inalienable rights rather than to the conventional rights established by power and tyranny.

M. B. LINTON, Pres.

COÖPERATION OF WOMEN.—The American Anti-Slavery Society was ridiculed and denounced, in 1839–40, for acknowledging women to be "persons" within the meaning of its constitution, and permitting them to take part in its proceedings. It was charged with flouting the solemn injunctions of Scripture, with violating the decorum which, as a public body, it was bound to observe, and outraging the sense of delicacy which is an indispensable element of refined society. A large number of persons, embracing the majority of the clerical members of the Society, seceded therefrom, alleging this as the principal reason for the separation.

A great change has taken place since that day. The Society established by the seceders, and which carefully guarded itself against any intrusion on the part of women, has now only "a name to live." A new association, composed chiefly of persons who left the American Society in 1840, declared, officially, not long since, that the words "any person," as employed in its constitution, were intended to include women as well as men; thus recklessly demolishing all the "New Organization" logic of 1840. Among the State Societies that ceased to cooperate with the American for the reason above alluded to was that of Maine. The *Portland Inquirer*, the anti-slavery paper of the State, went the same way. Now, after the lapse of fifteen years, the anti-slavery sentiment of Maine, long paralized, as we think, by the bigotry and sectarian narrowness of 1840, is being revived under the influence of associations in which women take part with men, to the full extent of holding office and speaking from the platform. Religious bodies, also, are beginning to recognise the membership of women in a manner inconsistent with former usage. The Western Unitarian Conference, lately held at Buffalo, publishes on the roll of its members the names of more than fifty women!

Those who breasted the storm of 1840, standing manfully for principle in opposition to a cringing expediency, may well felicitate themselves in view of facts like these, which indicate the sure, though slow and silent, progress of a revolution which they did so much to inaugurate. The day is rapidly approaching, we doubt not, when the principles and practices of the Abolitionists, now deemed "ultra" and "fanatical," will be accepted as true and wise.

THE FREE LABOUR MOVEMENT.

THE position taken by the members of the American Anti-Slavery Society, at its formation, in 1833, with regard to the obligation to prefer *free*-grown to *slave*-grown productions has not been entirely abandoned by all the professed friends of the slave. There are a few, that may fitly be called a *remnant*, left, who still cling, with almost religious persistency, to that duty.

This handful of *free labour people* anticipate, in common with other Abolitionists, the change we are all labouring to effect, and which must some day come, by which *non-slaveholding* planters will fill the place occupied by those that depend upon the labour of slaves; they earnestly desire that this change may be accomplished in a *peaceable* manner, and watch with intense interest the efforts put forth in that direction. Accordingly, whenever a single State, a single county, a neighbourhood or individual planter, yielding to the pressure of anti-slavery argument or independent reflection, resolves to step over the line and become *anti*-slavery, in practice as well as in profession, free labour people feel themselves under an obligation to recognise the change, and manifest their approval of it in the most impressive manner within their reach; believing that *commercial patronage need* not conflict with religious or political approbation.

Free labour people believe that the requisitions of the moral (upon which they also believe *all* efficient anti-slavery action must be based) leads them to this "stand-point," and they are still at a loss to understand why they should be required to retract from it.

The *necessity*, in their case, that, many persons say, governs them, although they admit the correctness of our doctrines, is, happily, almost daily diminishing. It has been estimated that nearly one hundred thousand bales of free labour cotton has been annually produced, of late, in the United States, sufficient to furnish, when manufactured, one hundred yards each to one million of ultra Abolitionists; add to this the noble contribution to the stock of fabrics, produced by free labour, made by the Fall River Linen Manufacturing Company, specimens of which I found under the charge of Mr. McCurdy, Broadway, and from other sources, and the *necessity* for Abolitionists to use cotton that has been whipt out of the trembling limbs of the poor down-trodden slave *entirely disappears*.

The information I have received from *Solomon Northup* relative to the facility for conveying cotton produced by free labour from the plantation to the Northern manufactories is of a character that must do much toward removing the objections that have been raised by others. He says, in substance: "Not far distant from the plantations upon which I spent twelve years in slavery, there were many planters who did not hold slaves, but did the work on their respective plantations with the assistance of some hired free labourers, and made cotton on them of as good a quality, and generally it went to market in rather better condition, than that made by slave labour—and this is easily accounted for—the slaves having no other interest in the matter than what the whip instills. Some of these planters were wealthy and quite *able* to own slaves, but preferred employing free labourers. Some of these plantations are only a short distance from the 'landings,' where I have seen vessels from New York discharging and taking in cargoes; and the planters of whom I have spoken using their own cotton-gins and horses or mules; the preparing and hauling to the wharf could be, and I believe was, in many cases, done without the labour of slaves.

"The premiums which the free labour people are offering for free-grown cotton may look like an invitation to fraud; but as some honest men are to be found in the Southern as well as in the Northern States, and whose integrity has been put to the test long enough to warrant our reliance upon it, such men as have, from conscientious motives, refused to avail themselves of the advantages that slaveholding *seemed* to offer, would be deterred, by the same considerations, from attempting to obtain the 'premium' by false pretences, and, with the safeguard that could be placed around the undertaking, I think those interested in it might rely with entire confidence upon obtaining free-grown cotton from certain localities with which I am acquainted, and the probability is that there are many such.

"Then I have reflected upon the influence which the *premiums* would produce, especially upon such as own only one or two slaves, and I can readily imagine them looking on the premiums, then on the small profits they realize from holding slaves, and can guess how it would operate with them. There would, undoubtedly, be some *growling* among my old master Epps and his associates, but there would be an equal amount of rejoicing among the poor whites, who know something of the oppression the rich monopolist is able to exercise over them, on finding there was a class of sympathizers at the North who were prepared, in such a practical manner, to demonstrate their sympathies for *them*. Undoubtedly they would be stimulated to greater exertions to cooperate with their Northern friends, and thus silently, but surely, the foundation stones of that inhuman system under which I was so long a sufferer, may one by one be thrown down.

"Each bale of cotton is marked with its weight and planter's name, and to cut out or alter them is a penitentiary offence; the non-slaveholding planter can do the same, and thus can identify his cotton in the Eastern or any other market to which he has sent it."

With this information from Solomon Northup before them, added to that furnished some months since (in the columns of the *Tribune*, I believe), of the 800 bales of cotton raised by the Germans in Texas, by *their own hands*, a more practical account of whom will, it is hoped, be furnished by another Correspondent of the STANDARD, the friends of the Free Labour Movement are encouraged to believe they are on the *right track*, and cordially invite the labourers in other departments of the anti-slavery enterprise to an examination of this subject.

HENRY MILES,
Cor. Sec'y Free Produce Association of Western Vermont.

CORRECTION.

MESSRS. EDITORS: Permit me to correct an error of your correspondent "Nemo." I know the person who directed the solemn and faithful warning, "Prepare to meet thy God," to be "painted in conspicuous places" in this City. So far from being of the class who "fix a day" for the glorious appearing of the Lord Jesus Christ, whom the Father has appointed to judge "the quick and the dead," he entirely disapproves of those who fix either "a day" or year for that important event. The assurance, that the high and eternal interests of sinful and dying men, demand the improvement of the brief period of mortal life for such preparation, induced him thus to present the warning. Respectfully, HENRY GREW.

Philadelphia, June 22, 1855.

JOHN C. CALHOUN.—In the debates preceding the Compromises of 1850, the denial by Mr. Calhoun of the Constitutional power of Congress to prohibit slavery in the Territories was met by the allegation that, as a member of Mr. Monroe's Cabinet, he approved of such prohibition at the time of the admission of Missouri into the Union. An extract from the diary of John Quincy Adams was one of the principal items of the evidence by which it was attempted to substantiate this charge of inconsistency. Mr. Calhoun, however, stoutly denied that he had ever favoured the Missouri restriction, and his friends, in the face of strong circumstantial evidence, have persisted in regarding his denial as conclusive. We learn, however, from the *Evening Post*, that Mr. Benton, in the second volume of his work, soon to be published, will produce Mr. Calhoun as a witness against himself, quoting from one of his speeches, made in the Senate during the Presidency of Mr. Van Buren, an admission that it was due to candour to say that, though he was not in Congress when the Missouri Compromise passed, his impressions were in its favour, and that he thought Mr. Randolph's opposition to the measure "too unyielding and too impracticable."

FRANCES E. WATKINS, a young coloured woman, formerly of Baltimore, recently attended an Anti-Slavery Convention in West Poland, Me., where she delivered an address, which is thus spoken of by a correspondent of the *Portland Inquirer*:

"Though wearing a skin of darker hue than the fair sons and daughters of New England, yet many a high born dame and titled lord might sit at her feet and learn a lesson of wisdom, which, if daily practised, would ease the hapless lot of many a poor dweller of earth, now sighing in bondage. Here is a mind of no ordinary capacity; and as she gradually warms with her subject, the scintillations of genius fly thick and fast around, until all hearts are deeply interested in the bitter wrongs of her race, whose cause she so vividly portrays. Listen to her, and you will not deem the above an exaggeration."

Our Philadelphia Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, June 25, 1855.

MESSRS. EDITORS: *Pic Nics* have become so universal that any description of them may well be considered superfluous; yet, at this season of the year, when they constitute the staple subject of conversation among the young, besides drawing somewhat upon the time and attention of the elders, I may be excused for making a note of one or two which have recently occurred.

Those of the Philadelphia Lyceum, which have taken place annually, for a number of years, are always occasions of interest and sources of pleasure to those who participate in the varied entertainments of the day, which partake to a greater extent of the intellectual character than any other gatherings bearing the generic term of "pic nic." Lectures, discussions and interchange of sentement, upon scientific subjects, public events, politics, as they effect human progression and the rights of man, and woman also, constitute a portion of the attractions of their meetings, which may be said to be composed of persons of all ages.

Whilst the younger portion are engaged in a game of romps on the green meadows, or in culling wild flowers, from which to form wreaths or garlands, wherewith to bedeck themselves or their companions, some more advanced in years, may be seen, evidently engaged in weaving the web of future destiny in those pleasing attentions which, if they do not constitute courtship, are very apt to lead to it, and eventually to matrimony. Others, who have already passed that ordeal, and are in the full fruition of wedded bliss, employ themselves in care for the children, attending to their little accidents and wants, or contriving new sources of pleasure for them, and in watching the "swing" and other devices for gratification, lest danger should be incurred therefrom.

Apart from these, engaged in the consideration of anti-slavery progress, of literary works, spiritualism, or in expatiating on the prospects of the coming harvest, may be found the graver portion of the party, all finding enjoyment in their several ways, according to age, taste and temperament. Such is a Philadelphia Lyceum Pic Nic.

Their gathering took place, this year, on the 9th inst., on the farm of the late Senator Brooks, at Media, and passed off in a manner highly satisfactory to the numerous persons who participated in the entertainments, and the effect, I trust, will be salutary in both a moral and physical point of view.

The most unique of this class of parties, was that of the *blind*, which took place on Tuesday, the 18th inst., on the grounds of the Insane Hospital, Blockley. The pupils of the Blind Asylum were taken by their superintendent and teachers to this place, which had been selected and tendered for their use in consequence of its security from intrusion, as only invited guests could have admission within the enclosure; and here they roved about and appeared to enjoy life and exhibit more cheerfulness than is displayed by numbers to whom the beauties of this earth are not, as with them, forever hidden. They rambled over the green sward and beneath the shade of the groves; sang their favourite songs and played a number of pieces of music upon their instruments, whilst numbers of the *lunatics* were permitted to form a portion of the audience, and seemed to enjoy the entertainment highly, and to sympathize with their fellow unfortunates in this other department in their enjoyment of the day, though deprived of the inestimable blessing of sight. Was not this a strange spectacle—the Blind, whilst seeking amusement for themselves, contributing to the amusements of the Insane?

The coloured population of our city have also their gatherings of this class, and, though precluded by the power of caste from mingling with their pale complexioned neighbours, find amusement for themselves, usually on the Jersey side of the Delaware; but, be it where it may, they, doubtless, endeavour to forget, for the time being, all the privations to which they are subjected by reason of their complexions, whilst chasing the bubble happiness with as much avidity as the more favoured class. What reck they, if they are excluded from uniting in society or at the polls, with their *white* neighbours, or that Laurel Hill refuses to grant them a grave in its enclosures, lest, even *in death* there should appear to be an admission of "equality," or a commingling of the dust which has returned to dust; they will not, therefore, abjure the few enjoyments which are permitted them, but rather embrace with greater eagerness the little that they can attain of temporary oblivion to their condition.

The virtuous indignation of President Pierce against Gov. Reeder, and Judges Johnson and ——, is a refreshing draught to the democracy, and might almost lead a regular Know-Nothing to infer, that the days of peculation and robbery of the public Treasury and of the poor Indians were at an end. All, however, are surprised, that the President has not succeeded in discovering any fraudulent or improper transactions or any illegal speculations in any other quarter than among those who have had the temerity to thwart, in a very slight degree, his favourite measure of introducing slavery into Kansas by force or fraud.

The man who undertakes to rebuke dishonesty in others should be able to show clean hands himself, instead of being so thoroughly defiled, that all the waters of Salt River, if he should be towed up, instead of being transported in a barge, would fail to purify him sufficiently to entitle him to associate with those who have preceded him, great sinners as they were represented to be.

The party here were in ecstacies at the break or division among the *Natives* in their late conclave, but their own prospects are so little improved thereby, that the momentary flame of reviving hope is likely to terminate in smoke, for with no better weapons to rely upon than slavery annexation schemes, *whiskey and lager bier*, a party must feel contemptible, as well as look so.

But the unkindest cut of all is the proposition of the slaveholders, now that they find their Northern allies unable to be of further service to them, having ruined themselves by devotion to "Southern institutions," to cut connection and leave their humble servants at the North to shift for themselves.

I have not been able to discover that the devoted spaniel which fondles on the master who kicks it—the *Pennsylvanian*—has dared to complain of this proposed desertion. Perhaps it cannot believe that its services, and those of its party, could be so rewarded, although they would only be receiving their true deserts; for if "sowing the wind" entitles the operator to "reap the whirlwind," devotion to slavery should entitle the devotee to kicks, cuffs and contempt, even from the tyrants for whose benefit he so degraded himself. The "foreign element," as it is termed, in our population, now constitutes the hope of the pseudo democracy, and this element has, unfortunately, in lending itself to that party become the supporters of slavery, though seeking liberty on our shores for themselves. The organization of a Republican party opposed to slavery would furnish them an opportunity for showing that they have not fled from tyranny in their native country, to aid in builing up or supporting a tenfold greater oppression in this. But if this party is one adverse to "foreign" aid, and disposed to throw obstacles in the way of immigration or naturalization, this "foreign element" will excuse itself for adhering to the slavery party, by pleading that it alone offers privileges and immunities for them, such as they seek, though, in reality, it is their greatest enemy. No greater proof is needed of this fact, than the small amount of foreign emigrants settling in any of the slave States, with the exception of Missouri and Texas, where it may be doubted whether they will in process of time revolutionize these States, and abolish slavery, or themselves degenerate into slaves. One or other of these effects must result from their position, for slavery and freedom, being antagonistic, cannot long agree or live in unity.

I cannot avoid urging upon the attention of those wishing to buy lands at a cheap rate, near to good markets, the expediency of forming companies or associations for the purchase of the large bodies of land in Delaware, Maryland and Virginia, which are continually offered for sale, at extremely low prices, and which, though worn down by the treatment of slaveholders, could, by intelligent, enterprising free labourers be readily made once more productive and pleasant homesteads. Singly it would not be advisable to go into the lion's den, but numbers may venture to board him with impunity, and in process of time make him tractable and submissive, or eject him from the premises. Let anti-slavery people take this into consideration and endeavour to ascertain whether they may not subserve the cause of humanity, as well as their own pecuniary interests, by supplanting the slaveholder and redeeming one or more of the "old thirteen" from the dominion of this abomination.

NEMO.

P. S.—In my last, the compositor has substituted the preposition *of* for the letter *J*, which initial represents the name of John as part of the cognoman of the Honourable Member from Berks, Mr. James, of Nebraska infamy and thinky notoriety. Either you or I owe him an apology for depriving him of any portion of that name, which is to be handed down to posterity, in such good society as that of President Pierce, Senator Douglas, and their illustrious compeers. Other errors we may overlook, but this is of too grave a character to pass in silence.

POLITICS.

A mass meeting of the anti-Nebraska voters of Indiana is to be held at Indianapolis on the 13th of July, "to consider the state of Public Affairs and for a more thorough organization of the Republican or People's party."

——The pro-slavery Whigs of Maine, calling themselves by the old party name, are making arrangements to hold a State Convention, in order to aid the pro-slavery and pro-rum Democrats by withdrawing votes from the Republican or Fusion ticket.

——State elections will take place on the first Monday of August in Alabama, Arkansas, Iowa, Kentucky, Missouri and Texas; in Tennessee on the first Thursday of the same month, and in North Carolina on the second Thursday thereof; in Maine on the second Monday of September, and in Vermont on the first Tuesday in the same month.

——The *Satanic Press* of this city announces that Gen. Cass, Daniel S. Dickinson, W. C. Rives and Edward Everett have privately expressed their warm approval of the pro-slavery plank of the National Know-Nothing Platform, and intimates that they are all likely to be found united in its support in the next Presidential election. We shall not be surprised if such shall prove to be the fact.

——There is a great deal of truth in the following remark of the *Evening Post*:

"If Senator Wilson had yielded in the contest which is going on in the Convention in Philadelphia, he would have gone back to Washington as insignificant a man as the majority of the Senators from the northern States have been for many years past. He becomes, by the step he has taken, a man of mark, a leader, a person to be consulted, a man to whose opinions a certain deference is always to be paid."

——LEWIS D. CAMPBELL, Representative of the Lebanon District (Ohio) in Congress, and long regarded as a reliable Free Soil Whig, has gone over to the Doughfaces, under the temptations presented by the Know-Nothing leaders. He made an effort to induce the Northern delegates to the National Council to consent to a platform as bad as the Baltimore resolutions of 1852. Shame on the traitor!

——The State Council of the Know-Nothings in Rhode Island, having considered the action of the National Council which met recently at Philadelphia, and also that of the seceding delegates, have agreed upon a platform, the basis of which is the "Minority Report." They declare the Order in the State of Rhode Island strongly in favour of a restoration of the Missouri Compromise, and determined to use all lawful means to prevent the establishment of slavery in Kansas and Nebraska.

——The Know-Nothing Council, lately held in Philadelphia, provided for another National Council, to be held in the same city, commencing on the 22d February next, to select candidates for President and Vice-President of the United States. The delegates are to be from each State, equal in number to its representation in both branches of the United States Congress, and to be chosen by the State Councils, two being from the State at large, and one from each Congressional district.

——The *Boston Atlas* sums up the Members of Congress so far elected thus: Whole number chosen, 161; Whigs, 59; Administration Democrats, 35; Anti-Administration Democrats, 3; Republicans, 37; Know-Nothings, 27. Of these, 119 are understood to be Anti-Nebraska; Nebraska, 41. The *Atlas* says: "In the present confused and distracted state of parties, it is almost impossible to make any classification of the House of Representatives that shall be completely accurate and reliable. Some members were chosen as Republicans who are also understood to belong to the Know-Nothing organization."

——The pro-slavery Democracy of Maine have nominated their State ticket on a platform opposed to the Prohibitory Law and friendly to the National Administration. There was much excitement in the State Convention on the Nebraska question, and the resolution approving the Administration was not adopted until a clause had been inserted declaring that it should not be understood as an endorsement of the repeal of the Missouri Compromise! It is thus that the friends of the Administration in New England are compelled to stultify themselves.

——Gen. Houston has heretofore regarded himself as regularly booked for the Presidency by the Know-Nothings, and has been trying to regulate his political diet accordingly. Of late, however, so numerous has become the crowd of aspirants for that office, his claims have appeared to attract very little attention. We fear that his baptism and union with the Church, so ostentatiously paraded by his friends, will be forgotten in the hurry-skurry of the Presidential contest. We therefore publish the following extract from one of his recent speeches, affording an illustration of his peculiar qualities as a man and a statesman. If a taste for slang and the genius appropriate thereto are any recommendation for the presidential chair, his chance certainly ought to be good.

"He said he would now pay his respects to the Galveston *News*, a low, dirty sheet that no decent man ought to take, edited by that fellow, Richardson. Yes, that fellow Richardson. I know a Dr. Richardson up here, a very clever fellow, and several other Richardsons, very clever men, but that fellow Richardson, that abolition Richardson, that disunion Richardson, he came here to Texas to preach politics to the intelligent people of Texas. Why, the last I knew of him, he was lying up here so drunk he could not help himself. An Abolitionist at the North, and now a disunionist in the South, which amounts to the same thing. He is too mean to steal. I intend to pay my respects to him before long in Galveston. And now, fellow-citizens, I am willing that my enemies may fester in the putrescence of their own malignity. They cannot hurt or disturb me."

EX-GOVERNOR W. F. JOHNSTON denies, through the *Tribune*, the truth of the report which implicated him in the support of the Southern platform in the late Know-Nothing Council at Philadelphia. He says:

"I did not vote for said platform and do not intend to do so hereafter. I opposed it in Convention, spoke against its adoption in the Convention, protested against it and refused all cooperation with *any National organization* that recognised or adopted it. I am *now* what I have been—a firm and consistent opponent of slavery extension."

The ex-Governor was not indeed in favour of the Southern platform, but he *was* in favour of ignoring the slavery question altogether. In this, in our judgment, he was neither "firm" nor "consistent" as a professed opponent of slavery extension. But when a Northern politician consents to fight slavery only upon the issue of its further extension, instead of seeking to exterminate it root and branch, we may naturally expect that he will, in tempting emergencies of party, make still farther concessions. "No Union with Slaveholders" is the only doctrine which affords a solid basis for any form of effective political anti-slavery action. To erect a party on any other foundation is to build upon the quicksands of expediency.

THE REV. DR. TYNG, Rector of St. George's (Episcopal) Church in this city, recently startled some of his congregation by coming out, in a sermon, in favour of the Maine law, and against slavery. He expressed the hope that Congress would abolish the latter in all places within its jurisdiction. It is rare that a clergyman of the Episcopal Church ventures to avow such opinions in the pulpit, and hence the sermon of Dr. Tyng, who is one of the acknowledged leaders of the low church party, has attracted much attention. We knew long since that he was in the habit of speaking against slavery in private, but we think this is the first time that he has spoken on the subject from his pulpit. He is, we are sorry to add, a Colonizationist, and therefore far from being an Abolitionist.

WAREHAM WALKER, editor of *The American Baptist* (Utica), we regret to see, has been compelled by ill health to leave his post for a season. We hope he may find his vigour restored by change of air and scene and temporary freedom from editorial toils. The *Baptist* is one of the few religious journals that habitually does justice to the conduct and motives of the members and friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society. Orthodox in the strictest sense of the word, it has never joined in the cry of "infidel," by which many other religious papers, under an anti-slavery mask, have sought to blast the reputation of the faithful and long-tried Abolitionists of our school.

THE LIQUOR LAW.—It seems to be pretty generally understood that the new prohibitory law is to be disregarded in this city. The Mayor has issued orders to the police, which, though containing some fine phrases about the duty of enforcing law generally, amount to nothing less than a practical nullification of this particular statute. He shields himself in this behind his legal advisers, who are the willing tools of the grog-shop. If he is not himself, privately, in the interest of the liquor dealers, he at least pursuing the course which exactly suits their wishes. We believe that, notwithstanding all his fine professions, he is rapidly sinking down to the level of his worst predecessors.

Summary.

The Springfield *Republican* is informed that the Hadley Manufacturing Company have just succeeded in making a nice article of paper from broom corn stalks. It says: "The article has been patented. We may say more of it after we have seen a specimen."

Saint Orson Hyde, a Mormon elder, and the proprietor of several Salt Lake seraglios, is at present in St. Louis. The object of his visit, it is said, is to make additions to his harem in the persons of ten affianced wives, now in that city, whom he will take measures to transplant to Salt Lake City.

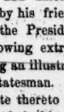
GOOD LUCK.—The *Bay State* says that John Bailey, a coloured man, who formerly lived with Isaac Breed, Esq., and left a little over two years ago for Australia, returned to Lynn, on Wednesday, bringing quite "a pile of dust" with him. He has deposited in the Lynn Mechanics' Bank, about $5,000, and has more of the same sort.

AN OLD CLERGYMAN.—Rev. Mr. Sawyer, who is about 100 years old, preached in Hebron, Ct., his native town, last Sunday. He left Hebron 87 years ago, and returned on this occasion to preach once more in the place of his nativity. He said:

"It is now ninety-nine years since my good father and mother brought me to the meeting house upon this green to give me up to God in the ordinance of baptism. I have come back after almost a hundred years to administer the same ordinance to some of the children of the same church, and to inquire, is it well with you?"

Quite an excitement was created at the last Yearly Meeting of the Hicksite Quakers in New York, by a case of discipline for loving music. A prominent and exemplary member, living in Madison-street, kept a piano in his house, and was expelled from the monthly meeting therefor. The case came up on appeal, and the decision was affirmed. It is said that there are about forty Friends in New York who are liable to the same condemnation. Most of them stand high in the Society. Among the number is at least one preacher.

SLAVE-HUNTER DOGS.—As a specimen of the manner in which this brutal addendum to the institution is paraded in the face of God and man, take the following from the *Bolivar* (Tenn.) *Democrat* of May 9:



BLOOD-HOUNDS!!!—The undersigned has purchased the well known NEGRO DOGS of David Turner, formerly of this County, and offers his services to the citizens of this and adjoining Counties for the purpose of catching Runaway Negroes. All who have negroes in the woods, will please give me a call. I live three miles north of Bolivar, on the Jackson Road.

BOLIVAR, Tenn., Jan. 30, 1855. JAMES SMITH.

FREEDOM OF OPINION IN RUSSIA.—A letter in the *Constitutionnel*, from St. Petersburg, mentions a circumstance which has just caused some sensation there. A person of large property having said at a private party, "I would willingly give 10,000 roubles (the rouble is somewhat over 4 fr.) for the war, if I knew when we are to have peace," was summoned the next day before the military governor, who received him in presence of several persons of distinction, and said, "Sir, if you pledge me your word to pay this day the sum of 10,000 roubles, I am authorized to gratify your curiosity on that point to which you alluded last evening." "I promise to pay that sum," replied the other. "Well, then," said the governor, "I have to inform you that we are to have peace when you come back from the Caucasus, where you are to proceed this afternoon, after having paid the sum agreed on. God be with you!" This is almost as bad as in France.

EDMUND LAFAYETTE, grandson of the Marquis De Lafayette, so distinguished as the brave and generous champion of American Independence, has been spending a few days at Wilmington, Del., with the Duponts, who were the early friends of the General. In company with a few friends, he has visited all the places of interest in the vicinity; one of his earliest visits being to the scene of the battle at Chadd's Ford, in which his ancestor first shed his blood in our cause. The very spot upon which the General was standing when he was wounded, was pointed out by some of the old residents. M. Lafayette is about 28 years of age, of fine countenance and engaging manners. He bears some resemblance to his grandfather, though a much handsomer man.

"TOM-BOYS."—At the recent ladies' exhibition of gymnastic, calisthenic, and dancing exercises, given at Prof. Stewart's Rooms, in Boston, Dr. J. V. C. Smith, Mayor, in his speech to the parents and teachers while distributing the prizes, addressed them at much length on the importance of thus developing the muscular apparatus of children, and made the pertinent remark: "That the little girls he knew when a boy, who used to climb trees and fences with the boys, and were called '*Tom-boys*' by their mothers, were now, wherever found, leading women in society, with strong healthy bodies and minds."

Mayor Smith was right. Our girls had better be tom-boys than mincing young ladies. Under a right system of education, they would be as far from one extreme as the other; but if we must have an extreme, give us that which secures strong limbs, rosy cheeks, and a constitution that will last.—*Woman's Advocate.*

A FEMALE SWINDLE.—A woman of smooth and specious address is going round the country obtaining subscribers, and the pay in advance, for a periodical about to be published, as she represents, in behalf of the "American Woman's Educational Association." She professes to be well acquainted with the ladies of the Association and with the undersigned. She says Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Kirkland, Mrs. Stowe, Mrs. Hale and Miss Beecher, are all to be contributors, and the work is to be a grand affair and to do great good. I judge she must have picked up some hundreds of dollars. She is an artful, unmitigated swindler. Will the editors expose her and help us get her into the Toombs where she belongs?

W. L. PARSONS,
Cor. Sec'y. A. W. E. Association.

ABOLITIONIST CHASED AND DROWNED.—We learn that within a week past there has been some excitement in Gerard County, consequent upon an affair in which an Abolitionist was involved. During the present year some three negroes have been run off from Jessamine County. Last week evidence was obtained that a Mr. Pullam, of Garrard, had an agency in the Cincinnati transaction. Accordingly a warrant was issued by a magistrate of Bryantsville for the arrest of Pullam. The constable, assisted by four or five gentlemen, went to the field where he was working and arrested him. They then started to return, but after progressing a short distance, the prisoner broke away. He outran the officer and his posse; and the constable seeing his prize about to escape, fired a pistol, hitting him in the back. He instantly fell screaming with pain, but just as the pursuing party came up, he arose and fled toward the Kentucky river. Coming to a high cliff, he fell first about seven feet, and then ten, and finally over a precipice thirty feet high, making the fall altogether of forty-seven feet.

Pullam seemed endowed with more than mortal vigour, and arising plunged into the Kentucky river. Nothing has been seen or heard of him since, and preparations were being made to drag the river, as it is presumed that he was drowned.

Whatever may have been the guilt of this poor fellow, he certainly merited, by reason of his exhibit of spirit, a more fortunate end.—*Louisville Courier of Saturday.*

COLOURED D. D.'s.—According to an officer of the Southern Baptist Board, there are hosts of coloured D. D.'s in the Coloured Baptist Churches in Savannah. Speaking of the coloured preachers he says: "They are *all* doctors, whether M. D.'s or D. D.'s we could not learn, but presume that the *latter* is meant. They speak of each other as Dr. Cox, Dr. Marshall, or Dr. Frasher; just as white folks say Dr. Jeter, Dr. Howell, Dr. Fuller, or Dr. Talbird. And what is better still, they have somehow conceived the notion that every preacher is, *ex-officio*, a doctor—for when we had closed the services in the pulpit of our worthy coloured *Dr.* Cox, he rose and made the very respectful announcement, that Rev. *Dr.* Walker would preach in Rev. *Dr.* Marshall's Church in the evening. We did not learn at what particular College or University these honours were obtained, but we question much if they were ever more worthily bestowed, or worn with greater humility and dignity."

ARREST OF A COLOURED CONGREGATION.—Sergeant Abadie, of the Second District Police, assisted by a dozen other Police officers, yesterday evening, made a descent upon a place of religious resort for coloured persons, known as the "Africa" church, situated in Roman street, between Bienville and Custom House streets, and arrested some sixty or seventy slaves and free coloured persons there assembled, who were, it is alleged, disturbing the peace of the neighbourhood by the loud noise which they made while engaged in their devotions. All the male members of the congregation were taken into custody, but the females were allowed to depart. The parties were most of them lodged in the Parish Prison for the night, a few only of them having been bailed out by their masters. They will be brought up before Recorder Fabre for examination this morning.—*N. O. Bee.*

SECTIONALISM IN OUR ARMY.—It is a remarkable circumstance that of the thirty-four cadets composing the graduating class of the Military Academy at West Point, this year, there are but five from the Slave States—a seventh of the whole number—while Massachusetts alone has four, and New York seven. This class started, it seems, four years ago, with fifty members; but the rigours of West Point discipline, and the "demerit" marks have reduced the number down to thirty-four. The Slave States must have had their full share of representatives in the class, and we are led to infer that the greater part of the missing members were from the other side of Mason and Dixon's line. If the graduating class of 1855 be a fair criterion to judge by, we should say that the Army in a short time would be officered almost wholly by Northern men; but the South could have no cause for complaint if such should prove to be the case. In the civil service where there are no rigours of discipline, nor any lists of "demerits" to interfere with appointments, they will be sure to have at least their full share of office.—*Times.*

UNDERGROUND RAILROAD.—The *Cincinnati Columbian*, of a late date,

Miscellaneous Department.

THE DRUSES.*

Mr. Chasseaud was born in Syria, where he passed many years; and, possessing a knowledge of the various native dialects, entered freely into the life of its interesting mountain tribes. He was principally attracted by the Druse population of Anti-Libanus, and learned early to appreciate their feelings, to inquire into their opinions, and to ponder over their romantic history. To him no scenes are more familiar than the Plains of Promise, with their luxury of light and colour, the gold-tinged peaks of Lebanon, the immemorial cedars, and the sweet fruit-groves of Judah. He was nurtured among them, and had, therefore, opportunities for observation which no mere tourist can enjoy. In his book he has described the manners of the Druses, and sketched the region they inhabit. It has long been an object with travellers to discover the sources of the faith prevailing among that curious people, and Mr. Chasseaud was so fortunate as to obtain from a Maronite of the Lebanon an Arabic version of their creed, which he has translated in the appendix. To those who are curious on such matters we recommend a study of this extraordinary document, which describes the creation of the universe *by* Chaos. We prefer to glean from Mr. Chassaud's book some particulars on the more genial topic of social affairs among the Druses. Into these the writers enter minutely, affording a lively picture of life among the ancient tribes of the Lebanon—full of suggestive touches and characteristic narrative. Of the stories and legends he has collected, the best are too long for extract; while in the accounts of ceremonies, festivities, and daily habits, there is a tendency to amplification, which often fatigues our attention and materially detracts from the pleasantness of the style. Otherwise, the volume is one of remarkable interest.

The Druses—a special people, isolated by their faith, their manners, and their history—live apart, mostly in villages of their own, and in separate quarters in such places as are divided between them and the Maronites—often their enemies and never their friends. One of Mr. Chasseaud's earliest glimpses of their country, was in the "season of yellow fruitfulness:"

"To the left, and immediately under us, are the house and gardens of the village itself; beyond this, again, a vast table-land, gradually undulating and thickly covered with the most luxuriant olive-groves, above whose comparatively stunted growth taller palm-trees here and there rear their exalted heads, like so many careful watchmen, left there to guard the olives against all invaders. At the present moment of gazing, the cool sea-breeze is rustling mightily among the branches of the olives, scattering the dry leaves and twigs and spreading the surface of the earth with the golden-tinged mantle of Autumn; but all this is nothing to the rustling and havoc that will ensue among those branches when the harvest season for olives shall have arrived; then men and boys will be perched upon every available branch, shaking the very existence out of the trees in their endeavours to gather in as abundant an harvest as possible, while the women and girls, with out-spread mats, expanded aprons, and plentiful baskets, catch and collect the showering olives as they fall; and finally gathering these into these baskets, assort them for the various purposes they are intended to serve: some are preserved in salt and water, the rest are converted into oil."

They retain in the old age of their race some beautiful customs of the primitive time:

"It is a remarkable fact, and one which proves the very ancient standing of the habits and customs of these people, that when a man has once descended from a tree, having shaken off as much fruit as his strength permitted, he will upon no consideration shake that tree again, however much fruit may have tenaciously adhered to the boughs. What is left is considered as the portion of the poor and the gleaner: in this instance, the Druses, in common with all classes inhabiting Syria, act in strict accordance with the law contained in Deuteronomy, 24th chapter and 20th verse: '*When thou beatest thine olive-tree, thou shalt not go over the boughs again: it shall be for the stranger, for the fatherless, and for the widow.*'"

In the same spirit, they never reap the fields without leaving a full measure for the gleaners—they rarely muzzle the ox "that treadeth out the corn"—and they will not yoke a bullock and a mule together. However, with this tenacity in their adherence to their own usages, they have some tolerance for strange fashions, and have now, we find, learned to recognise even a European hat, though when Burckhardt visited them, one of their maledictions was—"May God put a hat on you!" At present they compare it to "a cooking pot," and laugh at the absurdity. Half a day in a Druse home is pleasantly suggested by Mr. Chasseaud. The patriarch of the family having gone to his song and his plow, labours until noon:

"In this interval, the wife has rolled up the mattresses and stowed them away for the day; she then sprinkles the floor over with water, and carefully sweeps the house and the front yard. This done, she lights a fire, and setting thereon a huge cauldron of water, she wakes up the children and makes them breakfast sumptuously; for in their opinion unless children eat immensely they can never thrive or remain healthy. After breakfast the warm water is brought into play, the faces and the hands of the children are purified, and with what remains she washes and scours up all the plates and cooking- utensils; this done, she begins to think about her own personal appearance, tidies up her hair and her dress as well as time and her limited wardrobe will permit, and if there is any little washing to be done, she takes this in hand and goes through it at once. Then comes the consideration of what they are to have for dinner. Going into the little garden behind the house, she plucks a few love apples, or any other vegetable that may chance to be in season; then she hunts up the hen-roost for new-laid eggs; and these, in addition to the goat's milk, the cheese, and the burghol already alluded to, constitute the ingredients ordinarily cooked for their mid-day meal."

There are two sacred cities inhabited by the Druses, Ammatour and Bachleen. To these they rally in times of danger, and in them they deposit their holy books. Conflicts between their sect and the Christians were, some years ago, more frequent than at present. A Syrian account of one of those dreadful ebullitions of fanaticism is given by Mr. Chasseaud in vivid language, which preserves the poetry of the original. After saying, in the manner of the old tragic writers, that nature had changed her aspect, to forebode the crimes and sorrows of man—that the air was heavy with mournful omens—that vultures lingered on the mountain tops—that women became pale as they sat by their fires—that the bee gathered no honey—and that the birds wandered not from their nests—Abou Shein, the narrator, continued:

"I went out once, just to see what kind of night it seemed, and I don't think I ever saw the stars looking more brilliant, or at a less distance from the earth. Intense solitude prevailed everywhere; every leaf of the sturdiest tree stood out in bold relief against the clear bespangled canopy of heaven; even the very cricket seemed spell-bound, and the owl and the jackal were nowhere to be heard; far away, looming through the haze of night, was the snow on various peaks and higher passes. I crept slowly and sadly to my bed again, for there was something horrible and saddening in such a perfect stagnation of nature; it seemed as if the whole machinery of the universe had come to a stand-still."

Half an hour passed away, and he tried to rest—

"I was just dozing off, and I know my wife was asleep, for I heard her snoring distinctly; suddenly I seemed to awake to the perception of a very distant, very imperfect, very uncertain sound; and yet, though for the life of me I could not at that moment remember what it was, I knew I had heard it somewhere before; and this knowledge instinctively seemed to arouse me up. Another second, and the sound was repeated, still distant and indistinct, but beyond doubt the same as I had heard before; I raised my head gently from my pillow, and leaning it upon the palm of my hand, tried vainly to recall to mind where I had heard that horrid sound before, or why it made my heart leap so with anxiety and vague alarm. A third time the thing came louder and more distinct than ever, floating like ice upon that silent night air, and freezing my blood as it sped by. I instantly jumped up, and ran out of doors; there, where half an hour before I had silently contemplated the intensely quiet picture, what a change had come over the scene! A red glare shot up on every mountain height, and was instantly answered by dozens of minor beacons in all directions; so that the whole firmament seemed to have taken fire, the reflection of which was peculiarly bright on the snow. As beacon light after light spread the alarm, the cry arose for warriors and horsemen to arm themselves; criers ran up to the mountain tops and those perspicuous places where the beacons glared, and thence they summoned their creedsmen to arms. Catching at the words wafted from hill top to hill top, I ran to our own village beacon, and instantly kindled it. This aroused all the villagers, and I summoned them in the names of our chiefs and elders to buckle on their swords and seize their lances, for the Philistines were advancing against us."

It was an attack of Maronites; but so perfect was the organization of that martial community that, within twelve hours, twelve thousand Druses had assembled to repel them. They were victorious, and the war-cry was not for a long time heard again on the mountains. The Druses of the Lebanon number at present about 29,000, and says Mr. Chasseaud,

"Though not the most numerous, are acknowledged to be the most warlike and courageous people inhabiting the Lebanon; and occupying all the southern portion, the western slope of Anti-Lebanon and G'bl il Sheik, they have upward of forty large towns and villages inhabited exclusively by themselves, and nearly two hundred and thirty villages occupied by a mixed population of Druses and Christians; while in Anti-Lebanon they are also possessed of nearly eighty exclusively Druse villages. The country about these parts may be said to be almost uniformly successive hillock and vale, every position affording a means of security, and excluding the fears of invasion."

They cultivate their land industriously; they are bold, honest, enterprising and hospitable, but have little religious sentiment—since their faith is a mystery, the secrets of which belong to a priestly class. One of their popular customs exhibits a strange habit of suspicion:

"Another singular feature of this class of Druses is their refusing to receive money, or to partake of food in any other Druse's house, lest such food or money should have come by improper means into the hands of the donor. Consequently, when they have sums of money due to them for the produce of their vineyards, or for the sale of their silk crop, they invariably employ a third party to change such money into other coins, so that the cash they pocket cannot be directly associated with the original donor or purchaser."

A noble trait is shown in the maintenance of their country as an asylum and a land of refuge:

"It is well known, even at the present day, that should the prince ever be tempted by bribery or any other cause to deliver up any man who had sought and found protection among the Druses, the whole country would rise to frustrate such a breach of hospitality, and prevent such a stain upon their national reputation. Even that dreadful miscreant, Djezzar Pasha, whose name spread terror all over the East, and whose deeds of infamy have been unrivaled in the calends of cruelty, even this man, who had invested the government of the mountain in the hands of his own creatures, never could force them to give up a single refugee; they protected him so long as they were able, and when threatened with imminent danger assisted him in effecting his escape to the remotest parts of the empire."

One of the Druses described to Mr. Chasseaud the palace of his Emir, with marble staircases, mosaic floors, Turcoman carpets, silken hangings, velvet divans, walls painted by artists, gold and silver decorations, and every kind of opulence fantastically displayed. Who, that had visited these modern imitations of the "thousand apartments, each more beautiful than the other," would not quit them gladly to tread the stones of Ezra, the ancient city, not yet desolate?—

"Barred in with all his family, one solitary inhabitant might, from the peculiar construction of his dwelling, set at defiance twenty invaders, by retreating as necessity obliged him, first from the courtyard into one of the principal chambers, and so from this one into all the others, till he would emerge again at the opposite side, to the room where he took refuge. All the houses are built upon arched foundations, which, in a great measure, accounts for the fact of their having resisted the most turbulent subterranean shocks, which spread devastation through many villages and towns in the same latitude. A very remarkable feature in connection with the great antiquity of this place, in the singular fact of several of the buildings possessing doors hewn out of the solid piece of stone, which work upon hinges of the same material, and which must assist, when properly closed, in more effectually excluding the heat than any other material which could be used for such a purpose."

It will be seen, without further remark from us, of what description is the interest possessed by Mr. Chasseaud's book.—*Athenæum.*

---

*The Druses of the Lebanon: their Manners, Customs and History. With a translation of their Religious Code. By G. W. Chasseaud.

From the National Era, June 7.

MASSACHUSETTS.

On the Passage of the Bill to Protect the Rights and Liberties of the People of the State against the Fugitive Slave Act.

I said I stood upon thy grave,
My Mother State, when last the moon
Of blossoms clomb the skies of June.

And, scattering ashes on my head,
I wore, undreaming of relief,
The sackcloth of thy shame and grief.

Again that moon of blossoms shines
On leaf and flower and glancing wing,
And thou hast risen with the Spring.

Once more thy strong maternal arms
Are round about thy children flung—
A lioness that guards her young!

No threat is on thy closed lips,
But in thine eye a power to smite
The mad wolf backward from its light.

Southward the baffled robbers's track
Henceforth runs only; hereaway,
The fell lycanthrope finds no prey.

Henceforth, within thy sacred gates,
His first low howl shall downward draw
The thunder of thy righteous law.

Not mindless of thy trade and gain,
But, acting on the wiser plan,
Thou'rt grown conservative of man.

So shalt thou clothe with life the hope,
Dream-painted on the sightless eyes
Of him who sang of Paradise—

The vision of a Christian man,
In virtue as in stature great,
Embodied in a Christian State.

And thou, amidst thy sisterhood
Forbearing long, yet standing fast,
Shalt win their grateful thanks at last;

When North and South shall strive no more,
And all their feuds and fears be lost
In Freedom's holy pentecost.

Sixth Month, 1855. J. G. W.

"MOREDUN,"

THE NEW NOVEL ATTRIBUTED TO WALTER SCOTT.

Some months ago it was announced that a historical romance, from the pen of Scott, hitherto unpublished and unknown, had been discovered in Paris, and would speedily be printed, with irrefragable evidence of its authenticity. The publication has taken place, and a reprint of the English edition (with an early copy of which we have been favoured) will appear in New York in a few days.

It is prefaced, at considerable length, with an "Introduction," from the pen of Monsieur E. de Saint Maurice Cabany, who describes himself as proprietor of *Moredun*, Directeur Général de la Société des Archivistes de France, and Directeur Rédacteur en chef du Nécrologie Universel du XIX *Siècle*. This Introduction is given as "A Supplement to the Memoirs of Sir Walter Scott, Bart., by Lockhart: Translated from the first edition of *Moredun*, published in France.

The history of *Moredun*, given in this document, may be condensed as follows:

M. Cabany had the good fortune, some thirty years ago, to make the acquaintance, in Paris, "of a rich, elderly German merchant, retired from business, whose eccentricities were mingled with a degree of generosity and *bonhommie* which rendered him a great favourite with all who knew him." M. Cabany, then a young man, enjoyed a good deal of his society, having been employed to assist him in some statistical works and inquiries. The elderly German merchant was grateful for these services—as far as words went. Any more substantial acknowledgment was prevented by his being suddenly overtaken by misfortunes, "which broke his heart and sent him rapidly to the grave." A writing-desk was among the few articles of his valuable movable property which he retained, and, during his brief illness, he often pointed to it, saying, "with a melancholy smile," adds M. Cabany, "that it was all he had to leave me, but that it would be a more durable memorial than any sum he could have bequeathed me."

M. Cabany, and others, did not place much reliance on these mysterious promises, believing that the old man was affected by "an idle fantasy or a waking dream." And among what they took to be his mental delusions, they ranked "an often-repeated assertion that he expected to be, or was, the possessor of an original manuscript of the great Scottish Novelist, Sir Walter Scott. He said he was to procure, or had procured it, through the intermediation of a Mr. Wm. Spencer, an intimate friend of Scott, to whom he had been of some service."

They knew that he was an ardent admirer of Göethe and of Scott, but rejected the idea that he possessed an original manuscript of either. We shall now tell the conclusion in M. Cabany's own words. He says:

"My astonishment may be imagined, when, in the month of September, 1854, I received a box, with a note from his daughter, now married in Bavaria, accompanying *the* writing desk, which, she said, her mother and she had taken away inadvertently, among other articles—that they would have sent it to me long ere then, never having forgotten that it was mine by her father's dying bequest; but that they feared the expense of carriage would be greater, perhaps, than its value. The visit of a relative to Paris gave them now, she added, an opportunity of sending it free of any charge.

"If I was surprised to receive the writing-desk after such an interval, still more so was I with its contents; for among them I found, besides a singular collection of Royalist tracts relating to the Restoration, a package containing the MS. of *Moredun; a Tale of the* 1210, accompanied by the following letter:

"'Paris, 4th November, 1826.

"'My Dear W——S——

"'I am constrained to make of this note a letter of initials, for I am not quite satisfied with myself in agreeing to write it, and there is no saying into whose hands it may fall.

"'The story which Anne has told me about your daft friend, the foreign monomaniac, is as elderly the case of a man who requires to be cognosced as I ever met with; but, as it appears to me that she has taken it most ridiculously to heart, we have brought our discussion of it to a conclusion by my consenting to her doing what you could not be told of until she had received the permission of papa.

"'She has possessed herself, for a long time past, of a tale which I had, at one time, the intention of making the first of a series of such things drawn from the history of Scotland—a notion which I afterward gave up: for Anne, however, that story has always possessed a great charm, and I allowed her to keep it because I was under the impression that a mere story, which offers no particular merits but those of events and a plot, would not appear advantageously among works which had the higher objects of painting character—that would be to take a step backward, which would never do—besides, as far as I can recollect, there a great many anachronisms and freedoms used with persons and places which are not in keeping with the character of historian to which I now aspire.

"'I consider, then, that in authorising my daughter to give you that work as a panacea for the imaginary ills of a foreign monomaniac, I only permit a change of proprietorship. At the same time, in allowing Anne to make a present to you of what is but a trifle, after all, I must make a most serious stipulation regarding the—for I tell you candidly that I believe W. S. himself to be the real original imagination—that stipulation is, that if, at any time, you take the fancy of publishing that tale, you will do so with the initials only, and that you will do all that you can, in fairness, do to countenance the idea that it is a bairn of your ain.

"'I wish I could do something for you personally of some less doubtful character than that of humouring the caprices of a daft man; but you know how I am placed at present. Believe, however, that you have no more sincere friend than

"'W. S.'

"Here, then, I had before me, after a lapse of twenty-three years, irrefragible proof that my old respected friend, if eccentric, had not, in this instance, at least, been visionary; and here, also, I had a most singular explanation of the mystery which hung over his dying words—and that he had, indeed, left me a legacy much more to be prized than any sum he could have bequeathed me even in his most prosperous days."

M. Cabany immediately placed the Romance in the hands of French translators—drew up an account of the manner in which it had come into his possession—deposited a printed copy of his memoir with the Minister of the Interior at Paris, on the 24th of November—and transmitted copies of it, on the 25th, to the Editors of the leading Journals of London and Paris. On the same 25th of November, 1854, a short announcement of the discovery appeared in the *Sun* newspaper in London (sent by some one who had seen the proof-sheet in the printing office and the original letter in M. Cabany's bureau), and, singularly enough, *on that same day* Lockhart died at Abbottsford. It has been said that the announcement was not put forth until *after* Lockhart's death. But that event, which was unexpected, took place at a distance of 400 miles from London, and some days *after* M. Cabany had intimated to the Paris literati what a treasure had fallen into his hands, and had openly invited and courted minute personal examination of the letter and the rest of the MSS.

The Parisian *literati* are described as "generally frightened" at the announcement. But M. Cabany declares that his own "talented countryman M. Philarete Chasles formed an honourable exception," and was "so thoroughly convinced by the letter of W. S. that he devoted five columns of the *Journal des Debats* to a most minute and satisfactory examination of the evidence." The mere fact that such a literary quack as Philarete Chasles endorses *any* writer or composition is sufficient (as M. Cabany must know) to throw discredit upon either. To use a familiar phrase, all his swans are geese! He is fond of adventuring on literary "forlorn hopes," and, to show his skill at making the worse appear the better reason, sometimes takes up the most contemptible and mediocre authorlings, and boasts them off, and even translates them, as ornaments to national literature! We are afraid that the favourable opinion, spread over five columns of the *Journal des Debats*, of such a *pseudo* critic as Chasles rather makes against *Moredun*. That, among the literati of Paris, he alone should stand up for *Moredun* shows *their* non-adoption of the romance.

The announcement that a manuscript romance had been discovered, created a correspondence on the question in the London journals. James Skene, of Rubislaw, an old friend of Sir Walter's, wrote a letter in February, in which he contended that Anne Scott never did possess any such manuscript of her father's—that, in 1826, after his embarrassments had deprived him of individual property in his manuscripts, it was impossible that Scott could have permitted one of them to be given away—that, jealous of his literary reputation, Scott would not have rashly trusted a complete work to a mere stranger, with the probability of its being published—that the W. S. letter (quoted above) did not resemble Scott's epistolatory style—and that he had *never* used his initials as a signature.

Mr. Skene quoted a letter from Sir Walter's niece, who had been "the constant, the affectionate, and confidential companion of Miss Scott, from childhood to the close of her life," in which she says:

"During the months that I was with my cousin Anne at Abbotsford, immediately *before* their journey to London and Paris, I am quite certain that *she possessed no such manuscript*. We were affectionate, and perfectly confidential with each other, shared the same room, and were never apart; and I can recollect conversations which would have led to the circumstance of the manuscript had it existed. On their return from Paris, in Spring, 1818, I accompanied them from Cheltenham to Scotland, and remained, at least, a year with them. The visit to Paris was often talked of by Anne, all the people they saw there, and among the rest, Mr. Spencer was spoken of by my uncle Walter and her, but no such thing was ever mentioned as a manuscript having been given to him."

He adds that Anne Scott did not take with her to Paris any writing desk which could have contained a voluminous manuscript. On the other hand, discredit must be thrown on this lady's negative testimony, from the circumstance that the only matter of *fact* which she states is incorrect. Scott visited Paris in 1815 and in 1826. Anne Scott accompanied him in 1826 and *not* in 1818—during which last-named year, indeed, Sir Walter never quitted Scotland. The affectionate niece, therefore, who ignores the existence of a thing because she had not seen it, and is eight years wrong in a *date*, is a witness who has broken down.

George Huntly Gordon (who, as Scott's amanuensis, had transcribed 34 volumes of his composition) also wrote some letters upon these pages in *fac-simile* of *Moredun*—the letter beginning, "My dear W. S.," and signed "W. S."—the notice prefixed, and a page from the body of the tale. He says:

"The first is a very clever *contrefacon;* but I may remark, parenthetically, that the beginning and end have the least *vraisemblance*, as Sir Walter never addressed any one by their initials, and, as Mr. Skene truly remarks, never signed his own *only*. Many of the letters are too tall, and some not formed after Sir Walter's fashion—one, especially, is *always* written in a manner, in which, I am quite certain, there will not be found *one* example in the numerous manuscripts of the novels and tales now dispersed over the world."

Mr. Cabany's reply contains some good points, so clumsily put together, that we suspect his "talented countryman, M. Philarete Chasles" (who takes up stupid, obscure, and unpopular authors, and tries to puff them as celebrities!), may have assisted. He dwells on Scott's admitted love of mystery as to his own productions; which may go for what it is worth.

But, quoting from the Life by Lockhart, he draws attention to a letter from James Ballantyne to Miss Edgeworth, written in November, 1814 (soon after *Waverly* appeared), in which he announces that, "another novel, descriptive of *more ancient* manners still, may be expected, ere long, from the author of *Waverley*." What novel was this? Not *Guy Mannering*—nor the *Antiquary*. True it is, that the *Tales of My Landlord*, published in December, 1816, went back to the close of the Seventeenth Century, but would scarcely realize the promise of breaking into an era *much* "more ancient" than that of *Waverley*.

M. Cabany suggests that *Moredun* may have been the work mentioned to Miss Edgeworth. He refers to the water-mark date of the paper on which the brief preface to *Moredun* is written, to show that then (in 1817 or 1818) he presented the manuscript to his daughter, and alludes to Miss Scott having been much affected, in February, 1818, at the search for and discovery of the Regalia of Scotland. But the Miss Scott of that scene was *Sophia*, afterwards Mrs. Lockhart, and not *Anne*, who accompanied her father to Paris, in October, 1826, and is said to have been possessor of the MSS. of *Moredun*.

Mr. Cabany believes that the "W. S." to whom Scott allowed *Moredun* to be given was Hon. W. R. Spencer (once a fashionable verse-maker, and parodied in *Register Addresses*), who, becoming involved in 1825, had taken up his residence in Paris, and died there in 1834. He says:

"Sir Walter Scott sees his old and esteemed friend, cotemporary, and brother poet, at Paris, in great pecuniary distress. His kind-hearted daughter bethinks herself of the *interdicted* manuscript, and her father allows it to be given—not *expressly* for publication—but with a very plain *hint* of such an expectation; and seeing in such an event the *trial* of his early "story-telling" with the public without compromising himself; a trial which, if so successful as to encourage him to follow it up, would open up a new source of revenue *for his creditors* as well as for himself."

M. Cabany asks where are the many letters between Scott and Spencer? Why did Lockhart suppress every one of them? The inference is that he knew of the existence of *Moredun*, probably referred to in some of them, and did not wish to raise the question. Of Mr. Gordon's plump denial that Scott *ever* used his initials only, there is a remarkable disproof. Gordon was the person for whom, in 1824, Scott had written two sermons. In 1828, being in want of money, he obtained Scott's leave to publish them, and actually got £250 for the copyright. They appeared as *Religious Discourses by a Layman, and had W. S. at the foot of a short preface written by Sir Walter.* This, with the fact that there are several letters signed W. S., puts Mr. Gordon out of court on the *initials* question. The writer of this notice, who is an autograph collector, also possesses a note from Scott to James Ballantyne, signed "Yours truly, W. S." There is another such autograph in Boston.

Mr. Gordon, who had peculiar opportunities of obtaining intimate knowledge of Scott's handwriting, passed judgment upon these pages in *fac simile*. One of these, the donative letter to W. S., is prefixed to the American reprint of *Moredun*. On our own table, at this moment, are five letters from Scott. One, of two quarto pages, is dated 1814, and was addressed to E. Bird, an English artist, who painted the sketch of Chevy Chase, which hung (perhaps still hangs) in the Library at Abbotsford; two notes to Cadell, the publisher, in 1825 and 1829; a fourth, dated 1825, acknowledges the dedication of a book; the fifth, addressed to Ballantyne, is dated 1827. The *fac simile* of the donative letter (November, 1826) more closely resembles this last than any of the rest. The writing is weak and uncertain, the letters feebly formed—but there certainly is great general similarity. The letter S, commencing a word, is invariably long, with a double loop. The *t* is never crossed; the *i* never dotted; all punctuation, except the separating, is wholly neglected; and the words run into either continuously, as we notice in the undoubted specimens of Scott's autobiography which we possess. On the whole our opinion, formed on the single *fac simile* given as a frontispiece to *Moredun*, is much in favour of its authenticity. We suspect that the lithograph copy *is too dark*—in 1826, Scott's writing was much fainter.

This donative letter really bears a striking resemblance to the slip-slop, conversational, and familiar style and tone of Sir Walter's general correspondence. It is exactly such a missive as Scott might have written, in 1827, when he was extremely busy in researches for his Life of Napoleon—was good-natured, and slightly tinged with careless Scotticisms. It is not too much in his peculiar vein—a point greatly in its favour.

It is suspicious that the *name* of the "rich, elderly German merchant" is not once mentioned by M. Cabany. Neither is there the slightest connection established (or even attempted) between this person and Mr. Spencer, to whom it appears Anne Scott had given the manuscript.

* * * * * *

Did Scott write this romance? The internal evidence goes to establish the *negative*. We have here thrown together some of the reasons why we should hesitate to affiliate it as Mr. Cabany would persuade us. But, *who* could have executed the imitation—if such it be? The work, taken simply on its own merits, possesses considerable interest, and reads like the uncorrected production of a good writer. There will be much discussion, no doubt, on the curious literary question involved in the authorship. This, as well as the actual merits of *Moredun*, will probably insure it as many readers as if it had appeared as indisputably the production of the Ariosto of the North. —*N. Y. Times.*

A NIGHTINGALE IN THE CAMP.

The men before Sevastopol! a more heroic host
There never stood, in hardship and in peril, at their post.
The foremost of those warriors 't were a famous thing to be!
And there the first among them goes, if thou hast eyes to see.

'Tis not the good Lord Raglan, nor yet the great Omar,
No, nor the fierce Pelissier, though thunderbolts of war.
Behold the soldier who in worth excels above the rest;
That English maiden yonder is our bravest and our best.

Brave men, so called, are plentiful: the most of men are brave.
So, truly, are the most of dogs, who reck not of a grave:
Their valour's not self-sacrifice, but simply want of heed;
But courage in a woman's heart, is bravery indeed.

And there is Mercy's Amazon, within whose little breast
Burns the great spirit that has dared the fever and the pest.
And she has grappled with grim Death, that maid so bold and meek:
There is the mark of battle fresh upon her pallid cheek.

That gallant gentle lady the Camp would fain review;
Throughout the Chief escorts her with such honour as is due.
How many a prayer attends on her, how many a blessing greets!
How many a glad and grateful eye among that host she meets!

Now goes she to look forth upon the Enemy's stronghold.
O damsel, when its story shall in after times be told,
When not a stone of that thieves' den shall rest upon a stone,
No name shall with its memory live longer than thine own.

Among the world's great women, thou hast made thy glorious mark;
Men will hereafter mention make of thee with Joan of Arc:
And fathers, who relate the Maid of Saragossa's tale,
Will tell their little children, too, of Florence Nightingale.

—*Punch.*

THE MEMOIRS OF SYDNEY SMITH.

The long-looked for *Memoirs of Sydney Smith*, by his daughter, Lady Holland (edited by Mrs. Austin), have appeared at last. The editor of the *Post*, who has been so fortunate as to get hold of the volumes, gives us this taste of them.

Sydney Smith had once to go to Court, and this is his description of what occurred:

"I found my colleague Tate, the other day, in his simplicity, consulting the Archdeacon of Newfoundland what he should wear at the levee—a man who sits bobbing for cod, and pocketing every tenth. However, I did worse when I went, by consulting no one; and, through pure ignorance, going to the levee in shoe strings instead of shoe-buckles.

"I found, to my surprise, people looking down at my feet. I could not think what they were at. At first I thought they had discovered the beauty of my legs, but at last the truth burst on me, by some wag laughing, and thinking I had done it as a good joke. I was, of course, excessively annoyed to have been capable of such a vulgar, unmeaning piece of disrespect, and kept my feet as coyly under my petticoats as the veriest prude in the country, till I could make my escape; so perhaps, after all, I had better have followed my friend's example."

While residing at his living in Combe Florey, a pompous little man in black was ushered in one morning, who announced that he was "compounding a history of the distinguished families in Somersetshire, and called to obtain the Smyth arms." Sydney regretted that he could not contribute to so valuable a work, for the Smyths never had any arms, but sealed their letters with their thumbs.

In the conversational *ana* with which the volumes abound, we meet with the original of the saying which has lately been popularized among the Administrative Reformers.

"You will generally see in human life, the round man and the angular man planted in the wrong hole; but the Bishop of ——, being a round man, has fallen into a triangular hole, and is far better off than many triangular men who have fallen into round holes."

It was probably of this bishop that he said, on being asked if he were going to be married, "Perhaps he may: yet how can a bishop marry? how can he flirt? The most he can say is, 'I will see you in the vestry after service.'"

The hierarchy was an eternal theme for his drollery. Thus—"We naturally lose illusions as we get older, like teeth, but there is no Cartwright to fit a new set to our understandings. I have, alas, only one illusion left, and that is the Archbishop of Canterbury." Again: "It is a great proof of shyness to crumble bread at dinner. 'Oh, I see you are afraid of me (turning to a young lady who sat by him), you crumble your bread. I do it when I sit by the Bishop of Sondon, and with both hands when I sit by the Archbishop.'" Of his living in Yorkshire, he said, "it was actually twelve miles from a lemon."

He once wanted to know why, if a sailor were mast-headed for not doing his duty, you should not weather-cock a parishioner for not paying his tithes? He announced the arrival in London of a New Zealand attorney as a gentleman who had 6s. 8d. tattoed all over his face. Hearing of the difficulty of coughing down a speaker, he recommended a trial of the hooping-cough. Niebuhr's discoveries he described as "Roman history reversed; Tarquin turning out an excellent family man; and Lucretia a very doubtful character whom Lady —— would not have visited."

Daniel Webster he likened to a "steam-engine in trousers." Illustrating the mode the Irish have of doing everything differently from other people, he said that when the Dublin mail was stopped and robbed, one of the passengers heard a sweet female voice behind the hedge exclaiming, "Shoot the gintleman, then, Patrick, dear." Seeing a child strike the shell of a turtle, he asked the reason, and the answer was "to please the turtle"; whereupon Sydney said it would be as much to the purpose to strike the dome of St. Paul's to please the dean and chapter. Children, he said, on another occasion, are bored with the wisdom of Telamachus, and can't think why Calypso is fond of him.

Of Miss Fox (niece of the statesman), he said, at Bowood, the Lansdowne's seat, that she was perfect, as she gave him the idea of an aged angel. Of a dressed Venus which he once saw in a serious family, he said it was the Venus Millinaria. On examining some flowers in a garden, a beautiful girl, who was of the party, exclaimed, "Oh, Mr. Smith, this pea will never come to perfection." "Permit me, then," said Sydney, gently taking her hand and walking towards the plant, "to lead perfection to the pea." Of a trio of other ladies he said, "Oh, they were all so beautiful Paris could not have decided between them, but would have cut his apples in slices." Of Lady Murray's mother, who had a most benevolent countenance, he said her smile was so radiant that it would force a gooseberry bush into flower.

He hated dogs, and on being asked by a lady for a motto for her poodle, he suggested, "Out damned *Spot!*" but she didn't think it sentimental enough, though thoroughly Shakspearian. Of bores, though he said there were no criminals like them, as they were unpunishable, he was very tolerant, saying he never met with one all the time he lived in the country, but a certain dean, who he declared, "deserved to be preached to death by wild curates." Being asked by a lady if he had been remark able as a boy, he replied he was a remarkably fat boy and was intended to have been a Chinese supercargo, to Hong Kong. Complaining of his feebleness as he drew nigh death, he said he felt so weak that if a knife were put into his hand he should hardly be able to stick it into a Dissenter.

Speaking of diminutive men who were among the most eminent in the world, he instanced his friend Jeffery, and added that there was another (name not given) who had "not body enough to cover his mind decently with—his intellect was improperly exposed." Jeffrey once coming to see him, rode into the farm-yard on a young donkey he found outside, and Sydney, on the instant hailed him with a couple of couplets thus:

Witty as Horatius Flaccus,
As great a Jacobin as Gracchus;
Short, though not so fat, as Bacchus,
Riding on a little jackass.

This effusion had nearly produced disasterous results afterwards; for it took such possession of a certain gentleman, that when on the point of being introduced to Jeffrey at Holland House, the image conjured up by the lines almost suffocated him. Better still, was his rhythmatical refusal of an invitation to dinner at Fishmongers' Hall (introducing all the piscatorial allurements, sauces and so forth), on the score of a prior engagement to Horner, of whom he once said that he had the Ten Commandments written on his face, and looked so virtuous that he might commit any crime and no one would believe in the possibility of his guilt.

Being once called out by a poor woman to christen a child immediately, as it appeared to be dying, and asked on his return in what state he left it, Sydney answered, "I gave it a dose of castor oil first, and baptized it afterwards, so now it is ready for either world." This mention of the oil will appear less strange, when it is added that he was a sort of physician general to the poor of his neighbourhood, and studied medicine and surgery to qualify himself, saying:

Man wants but little here below,
As beef, veal, mutton, pork, lamb, venison show;

and dealt with the ills arising therefrom.

Many and curious are the instances of his kind-hearted performances in this respect, on man and beast; and in all sorts of household accidents he was a first-rate professional, being indeed a veritable pastor to his flock, inscribing them how to be comfortable in this life as the best qualifications for hereafter. Being once complimented at breakfast by Mr. Marcet, the famous natural philosopher, on his preparation of pig, he said, "Yes, our hams are the only true Hams; yours are Shems and Japhets." Breakfast he considered the pleasantest of all meals, "because nobody felt conceited before one o'clock." This was in the Spring of 1840, which he said was the only sensible spring he remembered, as it was a real March of intellect. This was not the year in which he said, "there was never such a Summer; water selling at threepence a pint; my cows drink beer, my horses ale."

The second volume contain a continuous correspondence of the comical Canon with all the Great Guns of the day, male and female. The dissertation between him and Lady Morley as to the nonentity of young Quakers, and the mysterious development of Blue-coat boys into adolescent Friends, is altogether a remarkable performance. Sydney, in continuation of previous epistles, says to her ladyship:

"Pray, understand me rightly; I do not give the Blue-coat theory as an established fact, but as a highly probable conjecture; look at the circumstances. At a very early age young Quakers disappear, at a very early age Coat-boys are seen; at the age of seventeen or eighteen young Quakers are again seen; at the same age the Coat-boys disappear. Who has ever heard of a Coat-man? The thing is utterly unknown in natural history. Upon what other evidence does the migration of the grub into the aurelia rest? After a certain number of days the grub is no more seen, and the aurelia flutters over his relics. That such a prominent fact should have escaped our naturalists is truly astonishing. I had long suspected it, but was afraid to come out with a speculation so bold; and now mention it as protected and sanctioned by you.

"Dissection would throw greater light upon the question, and if our friend —— would receive two boys into his house about the time of their changing their coats, great service would be rendered to the cause. Our friend, Lord Grey, not remarkable for his attention to natural history, was a good deal struck with the novelty and ingenuity of the hypothesis. I have ascertained that the young Blue-coat infants are fed with drab-coloured pap, which looks very suspicious. More hereafter on this interesting subject. Where real science is to be promoted, I will make no apology to your ladyship for this intrusion."

To this the countess, who seems to have been something of a wag herself, rejoins:

"Had I received your letter two days since, I should have said that your arguments and theory were perfectly convincing, and that the most obstinate sceptic must have yielded to them; but I have come across a person in that interval who gives me information which puts us all at sea again. That the Blue-coat boy should be the larva of the Quaker in Great Britain is possible, and even probable; but we must take a wider view of the question; and here, I confess, I am bewildered by doubts and difficulties. The Blue-coat is an indigenous animal—not so the Quaker; and now be so good as to give your whole mind to the facts I have to communicate.

"I have seen and talked much with Sir R. Keer Porter on this interesting subject. He travelled over the whole habitable globe, and has penetrated with a scientific and scrutinizing eye into regions hitherto unexplored by civilized man; and yet *he* has never seen a Quaker baby. He has lived for years in Philadelphia (the national nest of Quakers); he has roamed up and down, broadway and lengthways, in every nook and corner of Pennsylvania, and yet he never saw a Quaker baby; and what is new and most striking, never did he see a Quaker lady in a situation which gave hope that a Quaker baby might be seen hereafter.

"This is a stunning fact, and involving the question in such impenetrable mystery as will, I fear, defy even your sagacity, acuteness and industry to elucidate. But let us not be checked and cast down; truth is the end and object of our research. Let us not bate one object of heart and hope, but still bear up and steer our course right onward."

THE CORN PLANT AND THE SUGAR CANE.

Suggested by the picture on the cover of Putnam's Magazine.

The Corn Plant and the Sugar Cane,
How peacefully they wave
Over full many a storied field,
And many a soldier's grave.
Our eastern slopes and western plains
Rejoice in golden grain,
And rich with sweets in southward lands
Rises the graceful Cane.
Beautiful emblems are they both
Of usefulness and sweetness,
Each robed in beauty side by side,
Each giving each completeness.

While dear delight with labour dwells,
While fitness weds with beauty,
While toil and hope go hand in hand,
While peace close follows duty,
While in indissoluble bonds
The virtues all unite,
While all fair hues that deck the bow
Blend in the perfect white—
Still let the myriads comb